

THE HOME: ^A FIRESIDE MONTHLY.

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A LEGEND OF ELSINORE.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

"Oh, LEAVE those groups of heliotropes,
Therese, for an hour or so;
You drink their strong perfumes too much;
I almost fancy that you grow
Ethereal, like them. Well, you smile:
But waste with me this twilight time;
I'll be your Laureate, little Queen,
And crown your royal brows with rhyme.
So, leave those groups of heliotropes,

That blossom on the grassy slopes;
And leave the daisies in the dew,
The larkspurs and the pimpernels:
I have a ballad made for you,
With rhymes as fine as marriage-bells."

"What's it about?" "A faire ladye
Sitting upon a castle wall,
Watching the dreary shadows fall,
And looking toward the sea!"
"We are like her in that, save the castle-wall;
But what of the lady—the olden tale?
Did she love a page? Did her cheeks grow pale
At her father's scorn for the man she loved?
And all her entreaties never moved
The stout old Baron? Isn't it so?"
"In most of the ballads I chance to know,
But not in this. Nor lord, nor page,
Nor any knight of that iron age
Won the lady that lived by the sea!
And yet for all,
She sat on the gloomy castle-wall
And died of love's sweet malady!"

From the dizzy castle tips,
She would watch the silent ships
Like restless phantoms, coming and going ever-
more,

While the twilight settled down
On the sleepy little town.
On the gables quaint and brown,
That had shelter'd kings of yore.

Her blue eyes drank in the sight,
With a full and still delight ;
For it was as fair a scene as aught in Arcadie :
Through the yellow-beaded grain,
Through the hamlet-studded plain,
Like a trembling azure vein,
Ran the river to the sea.

Spotted belts of cedar-wood
Partly clasp'd the widening flood ;
Like a knot of daisies lay the hamlets on the hill ;
In the ancient town below,
Sparks of light will come and go,
And faint voices, strangely low,
From the garrulous old mill.



Here the land, in grassy swells,
Gently rose ; there, sank the dells
With wide mouths of crimson moss, and teeth
of rock and peat ;
And, in statue-like repose,
An old wrinkled mountain rose,
With its hoary head in snows
And musk-roses at its feet !

And so oft she sat alone,
In the turret of gray stone,
Looking o'er red miles of heath, dew-dabbled,
to the sea,

That there grew a village cry,
How Maud's cheeks did lose their dye,
As a ship, once, sailing by,
Melted past the sapphire lea.

"Lady Maud," they said "is vain ;
With a cold and fine disdain

She walks o'er mead and moorland, she wan-
ders by the sea—

Sits within her tower alone,
Like CEnone carved in stone—
Like the queen of half a zone—
Ah, so icy proud is she !"

When Maud walk'd abroad, her feet
Seem'd far sweeter than the sweet
Wild flowers that would follow her with iri-
descent eyes ;
And the spangled eglantine,
And the honeysuckle vine,
Running round and round the pine,
Grew tremulous with surprise.

But she pass'd by with a stare,
With a half unconscious air,
Making waves of amber froth, upon a sea of
maize ;
With her large and heavenly eyes
Looking through and through the skies,
As if God's rich paradise
Were growing upon her gaze !

Her lone walks led all one way,
And all ended at the gray
And the ragged, jagged rocks, that tooth the
dreadful beach ;



There Queen Maud would stand, the Swallow
With the white surf at her feet,
While above her wheel'd the fleet
Sparrow-hawk with startling screech.

When the stars had blossom'd bright,
And the gardens of the night

Seem'd full of golden marigolds, and violets
astir,

Maiden Maud would sit alone,
And the sea with inner tone,
Half of melody and moan,
Would rise up and speak with her.

And she ever loved the sea—
God's half-utter'd mystery—
With its million lips of shells, its never-ceas-
ing roar;

And 'twas well that, when she died,
They made Maud a grave beside
The blue pulses of the tide,
'Mong the crags of Elsinore.



One chill, red-leaf-falling morn,
Many russet autumns gone,

A lone ship with folded wings, lay dozing off
the lea;

It came silently at night,
With its wings of murky white
Folded after weary flight—
The worn nursling of the sea!

Crowds of peasants flock'd the sands;
There were tears and clasping hands;
And a sailor from the ship pass'd through the
grave-yard gate.

Only "Maud," the head-stone read;
Only "Maud?" Was't all it said?
Then why did he bow his head,
Weeping, "Late, alas! too late?"

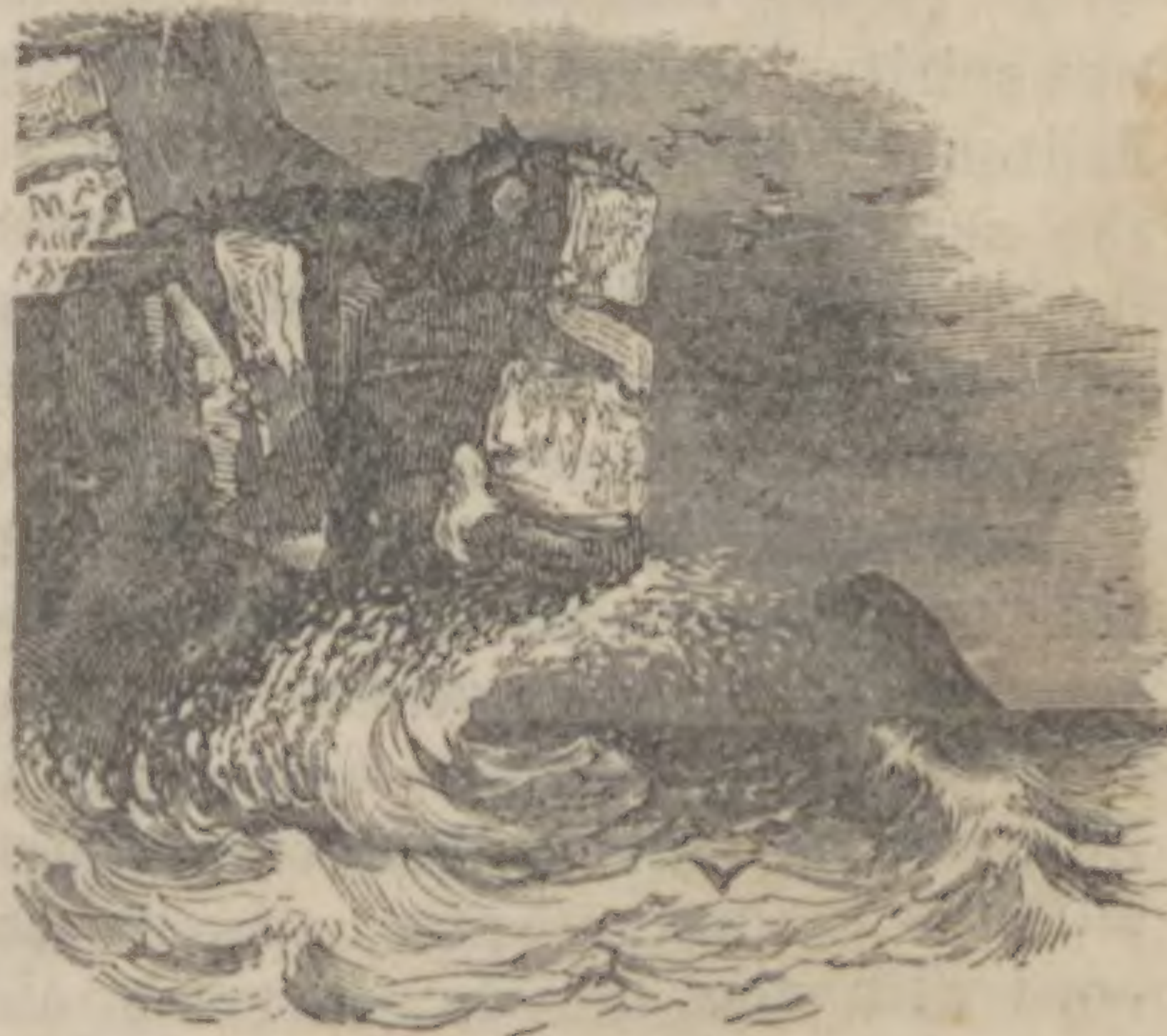
And they call'd her cold. God knows...
Underneath the winter snows
The invisible hearts of flowers grow ripe for
blossoming!
And the lives that look so cold,
If their stories could be told,
Would seem cast in gentler mold,
Would seem full of love and spring.

"Therese, to your heliotropes!
They faint for you on thymy slopes!
Gather the daisies in the dew,
The larkspurs and the pimpernels—
You have the rhymes I made for you!"

"And sad they are as funeral bells?
They chill my blood. O Launcelot,
I fear I am like your 'fair Ladye'—
I watch for my lover here by the sea!
The May is here, but it brought him not:

"He wrote us he would come home in May:
We were to walk in the young May-moon!
Its crescent turn'd to an orb. 'Tis June:
I am weary waiting day by day!"

I press'd the hand she had given me,
And turn'd and stared at the twilight sea;
How could I speak of the ship that was lost,
A month ago, on the English coast?



SLEEP.

"Jam vero videtis, nihil esse Morti tam simile, quam Somnum."

CICERO, *de Senectute*, xxii.

"O thou soft natural death! that art joint twin
To sweetest slumber!"

JOHN WEBSTER: *The White Devil*.

"How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One, pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue;
The other, rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave,
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!"

SHELLEY: *Queen Mab*.

"Though Death should grimly stalk into the house,
And stand beside the slumber of a child,
Think you that gazing on its mimic self,
Sleep, beautiful and wondrous, in the crib,
His owl's eyes would not wing suddenly,
Through cycles of decay, back to the time
When he was one with Sleep, and passing fair;

Think you he would not sigh: 'Sleep on, sleep on!'

Thou copy and thou counterfeit of me,
And teach the world that I was beautiful."

CASSELS: *Llewellyn*.

WHEN the first man fell asleep, (using that phrase in a natural, not spiritual sense), he is supposed by Milton to have confusedly identified the sensation with that of dissolution itself. Death, indeed, was then a thing unknown, above conception because beyond experience; but equally so was sleep. And though every attempt to describe sensations so unique must, more or less, involve a sort of *ex post facto* ascription of subsequent impressions, still the Miltonic supposition is too natural not to be in accord with what men in general would assume as Adam's actual feelings. On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers, pensive he sits down:

"There gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state,
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve."

The affinity between Death and Sleep is, and ever has been, uni-

versally recognized. The Divine One, who spake as never man spake, said of a dead and buried follower: "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth." The brigands of revolutionary France—earthly, sensual, devilish—proclaimed death an eternal sleep. The image is everywhere in vogue, and analogy always holds good; the relationship is remarked by every age, in every clime, by saint, by savage, and by sage. Not a mortal day passes, but sleep is a familiar presence. Not a mortal life, but closes in longer, deeper, stiller, more perfect sleep.

The epithets bestowed on death by the ancients, are profusely borrowed from its living counterpart, or living similitude, or foreshadow. If they call it a *dura necessitas*, they call it also a *dura quies*. It is a *ferreus somnus*. On the other hand, *somnus*, sleep itself, is *mortis imago*. It is *letho similimus*. It is *consanguineus*, *lethi sopor*. Death and his brother Sleep—is that an original idea of Shelley's? Not by centuries upon centuries. *Gelidæ mortis frater languidus*, is an old-world paraphrase for man's nightly repose.

When considering, in that discursive manner of his, how a man may, in some measure, make death familiar to him, Montaigne pronounces it to be not without reason that we are taught to consider sleep as a resemblance of death—calling attention to the facility with which we pass from waking to sleeping, and the little concern we feel in losing the knowledge of light and of ourselves. "Perhaps the faculty of sleeping would seem useless and contrary to nature, since it deprives us of all action and sense, were it not that by it Nature instructs us that she has equally made us to die as to live, and from life presents us the estate she reserves for us after it, to accustom us to it, and to take from us the fear of it. But such as have by some violent accident fallen into a swoon, and in it have lost all sense, these, methinks, have been very near seeing the true and natural face

of death." Such an accident Michael himself had experienced, and his experience he details for the use of others.

"When boys go first to bed,"

says holy George Herbert,

"They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
Makes them not dead.

Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for
death."

Which of us but has, at some time, felt a sweet thrill, and been conscious of an awe, and an earnestness, solemn as strange, when joining in the petition of England's Evening Hymn—to be taught so to live, we may dread the grave as little as our bed? George Herbert had anticipated Bishop Ken in this Christian aspiration, and glorified Death as a transfigured form:

"Therefore we can go die asleep, and trust
Half that we have,
Unto an honest, faithful grave;
Making our pillows either down or dust."

Shakspeare makes the Duke, in *Measure for Measure*, thus reason with life—when reasoning that it is a thing that none but fools would keep:

"Thy best of rest is Sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly
fear'st
Thy Death, which is no more."

In the same strain, only more at large, reasons George Chapman, of the same age, in his now forgotten tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*:

"Poor slaves, how terrible this Death is to
them!
If men would sleep, they will be wroth with
all
That interrupts them; physic take, to take
The golden rest it brings; both pay and pray
For good and soundest naps; all friends con-
senting
In those invocations; praying all
'Good rest the gods vouchsafe you.' But
when Death,
Sleep's natural brother, comes; that's nothing
worse,
But better (being more rich—and keeps the
store—
Sleep ever fickle, wayward still, and poor);

Oh! how men grudge, and shake, and fear, and
fly
His stern approaches!"

The hunting Lord, gazing on *Christopher Sly*, who lies dead-drunk before the ale-house on the heath, is moved to exclaim: "Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!" *Paulina* preparing *Leontes* for a view of the supposed statue of his wife, bids him expect "to see the life as lively mocked, as ever still sleep mocked death." We have a Shakspearean glimpse of *Lucrece* asleep, her hair, like golden threads, playing with her breath—

"Showing life's triumph in the lap of Death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:
Each in her SLEEP themselves so beautify
As if between them twain there were no strife,
But that life lived in death, and death in life."

One of the "leading articles," so to speak, in the *Newes*, of Sir Thomas Overbury, describes death as sleep's picture drawn to life, or "the twilight of life and death." "In sleep," he says, "we kindly shake death by the hand; but when we are awaked we will not know him. Often sleepings are so many trials to die, that at last we may do it perfectly." Elsewhere he affirms, in the paradoxical style so much cultivated, that "no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he be dead." To the same effect writes Jeremy Taylor, that we so converse every night with the image of death, that every morning we have an argument of the resurrection. Sleep and death have but one mother, and they have but one name in common. Charnel-houses are but *Koimeteria*, "cemeteries" or "sleeping-places;" and "in sleep our senses are as fast bound by Nature, as our joints are by the grave-clothes; and unless an angel of God awaken us every morning, we must confess ourselves as unable to converse with spirits. But, however, death itself is no more; it is but a darkness and a shadow, a rest and a forgetfulness. What is there more in death? What is there less in sleep?" Coleridge's Monody on the death

of Chatterton, opens with the exclamation :

" Oh' what a wonder seems the fear of death,
Seeing how gladly we all sink to sleep,
Babes, Children, Youths, and Men,
Night following night for threescore years and
ten !"

One section of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* opens with the hypothesis, " If sleep and death are truly one ;" another, with the apostrophe, " Sleep, kinsman thou to death and trance ;" while a third, addressed to the dead friend here held in remembrance, begins with this soothing stanza—

" When in the down I sink my head,
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my breath ;
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not Death,
Nor can I dream of thee as dead."

This twin-brotherhood is, almost everywhere among the poets, an acknowledged relationship. Yet Wilson utters a protest against it, when he makes the Ettrick Shepherd object that " sleep is not death—nor yet death's brother, though it has been ca'd sae by ane who suld hae kent better—but it is the activity of spiritual life." How this objection affects the poetical assumption, it would, perhaps, be difficult to show. For the poets all along assume the sleep of death to have its dreams, its activity of spiritual life. To sleep—muses *Hamlet*—to sleep, perchance to dream ; ay, there's the rub ; for in that sleep of death, what dreams may come—must give him, the proposed self-slayer, pause. The good man, dying, is, in Bryant's *Thanatopsis*,

" Like one who wraps the drapery of his
couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Many a time has death been taken for sleep, and sleep for death, the dead for those that slumber ; and the slumbering for those that are " no more." Innocent childhood looks on the face of the departed, and believes the repose to be life's common everyday rest. Anxious watchers rivet their

gaze on the calm sleeper, and fear that calm to be of the sleep that knows no waking. *Arviragus* finds *Imogen* " as dead," " thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber, not as death's dart, being laughed at. . . . I thought he slept ; and put my clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness answered my steps too loud." " Is he so hasty," complains Shakspeare's *Henry IV.*, when the Prince has removed his crown—" so hasty that he doth suppose my sleep my death ?" The Prince had not removed that " golden rigal " until he had watched a downy feather by the lips of the king, which stirred not—until he had called, and there was no answer—whence his inference, " this sleep is sound indeed," the sleep that no morning will break, no fatigue redress. So, again, with the parents of *Juliet*, after she had drained the friar's draught. Thomas Hood—who, in his *Hero and Leander*, pictures a form on which " you might gaze twice ere Death it secured, and not his cousin Sleep, that through those creviced lids did under-peep "—has described, in a fragment called *The Death-Bed*, with exquisite pathos and simple power, what some of us have witnessed, and having witnessed, have desired for ourselves, if the desire be lawful : so imperceptible the passage from calm slumber to calmer death, so unobserved the merging of one in the other.

" Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

The sight of sleeping childhood is often suggestive, to their elders, of the more solemn rest that remaineth for all the children of time. Three-and-twenty years ago the same Thomas Hood, being at Coblenz, and gazing on his wife and two children asleep in the same chamber, was moved to an almost wish that he and they might then and there find mortality swallowed up of life, sleep merged in

death. He recognized his universe of love, all that his God could give him or remove, there sleeping, save himself, in mimic death; once arose the half-cherished, half-withstood yearning—

“Almost I wish that with one common sigh
We might resign all mundane care and strife,
And seek together that transcendant sky,
Where Father, Mother, Children, Husband,
Wife,
Together pant in everlasting life.”

The aspiration—or, rather, unformed fancy—might be a strangely sad or sadly strange one. But thoughtful and suffering minds, versed in worldly trials, and already wounded in the battle of life, are not unapt to think sad thoughts, and strange, beside slumbering childhood. Watching the serenity that there abides, and remembering the awful anti-type of which a placid symbol is before us, well may the wistful desire rise from heart to lips. May my last end be like *this*! Like it, in some respects, we know it will be; for is not Death, even that of wrinkled eld, the brother of sleep, even that of babes and sucklings? Mrs. Browning's stanzas, addressed to an infant sleeping on the floor, tired of all the playing, touchingly illustrates this aspect of our theme; the minstrel is near as tired of pain as the child seems of pleasure; God knows that, she says; and then she anticipates a coming sleep for herself, after life's fitful fever, wearied with the din, and toil, and vanity:

“Very strong too, by His grace
Gently wrapt around me;
Shall I show as calm a face,
Shall I sleep as soundly!
Differing in this, that you
Clasp your playthings sleeping,
While my hand shall drop the few
Given to my keeping!
Differing in this, that I
Sleeping shall be colder,
And in waking presently,
Brighter to beholder.”

The last stanza of another poem of her's, *The Sleep*, is set in the same key—a soft, low minor—

“And friends, dear friends—when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,

And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all,
Say, ‘Not a tear must o’er her fall—
He giveth His beloved sleep.’”

But our discourse must end for the present number. We should be pleased to quote from the poets of our special love, and may do so in some future paper.

“Blessed be Sleep!”

REGRET.

I WASTE my heart in ceaseless sighs,
In ceaseless tears I dim mine eyes,
I lose myself in reveries—
With listless feet I walk about,
At windows I look idly out;
Yet see not the gold-tinted skies,
Nor trees, nor hills at which I gaze,
Nor rivers running musical ways,
Nor feel a soft surprise
When the sun plays
With rosy rays,
Like fingers, lifting the vale crown of haze.

Or if I take a poet's book,
And through its dreamy vistas look,
I see, as one sees in a dream:
In vain the minarets gleam,
The eyes of ladies'neath long lashes beam,—
In vain are waving plumes of knights,
In vain the troubadour sings love's delights,
Or spurs ring through the hall,
Or ivy climbs the wall,
Or sparkles diamond robe, or waves the velvet pall,
Or rings low laughter round,
Or swells imperial sound
Of golden instruments with myrtle bound—
It doth like memory seem,
Or a forgotten once-enchanting dream.

Oh why, my heart,
Dost thou thus walk apart
From thy past self, and from the world
around,
In memories tender and profound?
One, from the small, close throng
Of those thou lovest best,
Hath sung her farewell song
And gone away for long
Into the wild, the dryad-haunted West;
Where prairie-fires at night
Her dreamy visions light,
And the wild rose doth bloom to grace her breast.

Poor heart! thou ill could'st spare
From out thy treasures, few but rare,
This, purely, star-like, fair;
And like a child that for its mother cries,
Thou canst not see the toys which nearer
tempts thine eyes.

M. V. V.

"AUNT MARTHA."

BY ALICE CARY.

"GIVE me your fan, Rose; I broke mine all to pieces boxing the ears of my poodle; and, just see, he has bitten a great hole in my new lace flounces!"

"Well, I can't help it, but Aunt Martha can darn it, so it will look as well as new. Get her fan, if you want one; I can't spare mine; no matter whether she has one or not."

"I don't know where Aunt Martha is; and, besides, her fan is too plain for me."

"Hasn't she gone down stairs yet?"

"No."

"Well, upon my word. She ought to be there—how stupid she is. I never knew her to be in time for any thing, and shall not be surprised if she has to be waited for at the Day of Judgment," and Miss Rose tossed her golden curls indignantly, turned her back upon her sister Florence, who had asked for her fan, and proceeded to rub her cheeks with a *very* rough towel.

Florence replied with spirit, less to defend the person called "Aunt Martha," I fancied, than to censure Rose: "You would find fault with an angel. I am sure Aunt Martha can't be blamed, justly, to-night—she had to get the rooms ready, assist us to dress, see about the refreshments, get the baby to sleep, and a thousand other things, before she could think of herself."

"Oh, you are very good to Aunt Martha all at once—just as if you did not make her lace your boots, and comb your hair, and darn your stockings! I'm sure she ought to be glad to have so good a home, and the dear knows she ought to do something to pay for it, but she is welcome to do better any day, for all any of us would care."

"I guess Uncle Dick would care—I don't know what would become of him, if it were not for her."

"Well, she and Dick ought to be friends, nobody else cares for either of them."

"Here, see if I am all right; any powder in my eyebrows? pull down my skirt! hair look fit to be seen? hoop too small?"

And the two ladies, Misses Rose and Florence Lytle, having completed their toilets, and each submitted herself to the inspection of the other, descended from the dressing to the drawing room, where the "few friends" they expected were already assembled.

From my own dressing-room, separated from that of the young ladies only by a lace curtain, the above conversation came to my ears. Who was Aunt Martha? and who was Uncle Dick? and what their position in the Lytle family, and toward each other? Speculations concerning them preoccupied my mind, and bespoke my sympathy.

Mrs. Lytle's rooms were the complete index of her nature and grade of cultivation—showily vulgar and expensively tasteless—carpets, decorations, and draperies, all of the most brilliant colors and abrupt contrasts; and the guests were in harmony with the furnishing—the ladies sparkling with jewels and bracelets, and the gentlemen presenting that profusion of eye-glasses, studs, and chains, for which so many of our young men are chiefly remarkable. There were cards for the oldish and more quiet people, and it was at the whist table I expected to see Aunt Martha, but a glance assured me that she was not there. Among the young people, the Misses Lytle were singularly attractive, and yet they were not pretty, nor amiable, nor intellectual, but, on the contrary, forward, impertinent, loud-voiced, and talkative; nevertheless they were sufficiently courted to satisfy even their exorbitant vanity. Verily, there is no accounting for tastes. Such charms as they possessed, they displayed with great liberality—wearing the shortest

sleeves, and the lowest necks to their dresses that could be worn. No earrings were so long as theirs, and no bracelets so broad, and what with a regardlessness of proprieties, and one fantastic ornament and another, they really had about them a certain rude style, which passed among their own set for elegance. In the estimation of their mother, they were accomplished to a pre-eminent degree, and she never suspected that their music and dancing fell in the least degree short of perfect execution.

As the evening wore on, inquiries were made from time to time, chiefly by the elderly gentlemen, for Aunt Martha, and I observed that each inquiry was put with a degree of tenderness approaching to pity, which led me to suspect some infirmity on the part of Aunt Martha—she was hump-backed, perhaps, or lame, or wasting with consumption, and at every little cough I started and looked round, expecting to see her bloodless face and attenuated features. My mind was diverted, before long, by observing that Miss Florence's pink brocade was spotted with ice-cream, and that Miss Rose's lace flounce was loosened from her skirt and dangling half a yard behind her.

"For goodness' sake, go to Aunt Martha and get your flounce pinned up!" whispered Florence.

"Where is she? snuffing ashes in the corner?" and Rose turned, as she spoke, toward the tea-room. I observed the direction, in order to ascertain what manner of personage this Aunt Martha might be.

My expectations were disappointed, and my interest deepened at a glance. Instead of white satin ribbons and spectacles, I saw a blooming woman of thirty or thereabout, dressed with quaker-like simplicity and neatness, and having on her face that expression of sweetness and patience which indicates a womanly heart, and so far transcends that more obvious beauty which the vulgar praise.

A little child was leaning over her

lap in affectionate familiarity, when I first noticed her; but from none of the children of larger growth did she seem to elicit the slightest attention.

Some white streaks showed along her temples already, and no effort had been made to conceal them by ornament; she evidently took kindly to her fate—that of an old maid and a dependent—the hardest, I think, which ever comes to any woman.

Her black silk dress and white collar were unmistakable; but tucked under her belt was a half-blown rose, not quite in harmony with the character I drew for her. How came it there? I became curious to know, when I heard her say to the child, whose fingers found their way to it—"No, no, my dear, you may have my watch to play with, but not that;" and, as she spoke, there came a flush to her cheek, and she looked stealthily around to see, I thought, whether she had been observed. I was not long in discovering the twin of the rosebud she wore, in the button-hole of Richard Lytle, the man, of all others, least likely to engage her affections, I thought; but how little we can divine the elections which the heart makes for itself, often against all wise judgment and knowledge and understanding. Dick Lytle, for so he was called, was one of those amiable, but worthless fellows, whom everybody likes and nobody respects. Possessed of a handsome person and fine natural endowments, he might have made himself a name and a position of which to be proud, but for a lack of energy and a habit of indifference, killing to all honorable attainment. When he approached Aunt Martha, I could not keep my eyes from following him, for in the form and method of what he should say, I was prepared to read her destiny. I saw nothing of that indefinable manner which betrays the interested heart—no softening of the smile or lowering of the tone, as, with an accent of slight mockery, he said, "I am come to solicit the honor of dancing with you, Aunt Martha."

Why should she wear his rosebud when he called her *Aunt Martha*? I could not understand that; but that it must end in disappointment I felt at once.

His cheek was flushed, and there was a look of dissipation about him which greatly marred the effect of his beauty. Aunt Martha declined to dance, and, laying her hand lightly on his arm, whispered something, the import of which I guessed by his reply. "No, 'pon my honor, not another drop to-night, Aunt Martha." She looked half imploring and half incredulous, and he went on—"How could I, if I displeased you?"

The conclusion of his answer was simply the prompting of a natural gallantry; but it was not so that Aunt Martha understood it, as I knew by her downcast eyes and blush.

With some polite words about monopolizing too much of her time, he left her, and before long I discovered, both by his boisterous mirth and the anxious pallor in her face, that the promise had not been kept.

It was touching to see with what tender device she drew him aside, and afterward contrived to cover his retirement from invidious remark.

For herself, there was no need of device or apology. No one saw her glide quietly away, and she was neither missed nor inquired for afterward.

The image of her sweet, sad face never left me from that time, and, for the sake of cultivating her acquaintance, I often availed myself of Mrs. Lytle's hospitality. A group of us, Dick Lytle being the central object of attraction, were gathered about the fire one day, when a milliner's boy brought home a new bonnet.

"Oh, mother! what is it, and who is it for?" were the eager inquiries of Florence and Rose, as, tearing the lid from the band-box, they produced its contents—a plain straw bonnet, trimmed with a blue ribbon.

Exclamations of surprise and displeasure followed fast upon one an-

other. "Surely, mother, you don't design it for yourself?" cried Rose. "Why, it's plain enough to belong to some old body in the Home of the Friendless."

Mrs. Lytle laughed, and, with the absence of delicacy which characterized her, replied: "You have hit the nail on the head exactly; it was for one of the inmates of the institution you mention I got the bonnet," and she tossed it into Aunt Martha's lap.

"It's out of season," cried Florence; "however, I suppose it's no difference."

"Not in the least," replied Aunt Martha, meekly. "It will soon be spring, and then it will be quite the style."

"Quite the old style, by that time," retorted the young lady. "What induced you to buy blue ribbon at this season, mother?"

"Why, it's the old ribbon I wore last summer, myself. What were the use of buying a new ribbon for Martha? She don't care."

"Why should she not care?" asked Dick, taking the bonnet upon his hand.

Aunt Martha cast down her eyes, and her lip trembled.

"I suppose she need not thank you, Mrs. Lytle," he continued, turning the bonnet about; "but it is in better taste than any purchase I ever knew you to make for yourself."

Aunt Martha lifted up her eyes and smiled.

"Yes, decidedly better taste," he continued; "if it were trimmed with a green instead of a blue ribbon, it would suit my fancy, precisely."

"Whew!" said Mrs. Lytle, lifting up her eyebrows, and adding the next minute, "I wish you and Aunt Martha could live in a house by yourselves!"

"I wish we could," said Dick.

"I think," Mrs. Lytle continued, "we could manage to keep house without your assistance," and she laid sarcastic stress upon the last word.

Both the girls laughed, and said they were willing to try the experiment.

Dick laughed too, for he could do no better, poor fellow—he had no home, and no means of obtaining one—so the laughter was probably affected, and the gayety of tone, as he answered—

"I am afraid you will never know, my dear young ladies—at least, not till you see my parting wings—that you have entertained an angel!"

"I am afraid, then, we never shall know it," responded Mrs. Lytle, with an affectation of pleasantry too thin to disguise a feeling of bitterness.

"Have you mended my lace sleeves, Aunt Martha?" asked Rose.

"Oh no, I forgot it!" she replied, rising with an expression of painful solicitude in her face.

"I must have them by seven o'clock," Rose said, in a tone of command rather than of entreaty.

"To insure you against disappointment," I interposed, "I will assist in the mending." I wished for some excuse to accompany Aunt Martha to her own room. She saw my motive, and accepted my offer; but in her painful confusion dropped the bonnet.

"Here, take this thing along," called Mrs. Lytle after us, giving it a toss with her foot—"I don't want to see nor hear any more of it."

"I should not imagine you would," replied Dick, taking up the bonnet and following us.

"Oh, heigh-ho!" he sighed, as he seated himself at the fireside and locked his hands over his head.

"What is it?" asked Aunt Martha, biting off her thread in order to slip it through the needle.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, impatiently, and he added directly—"I have just got talent enough to curse me—I wish I had more or less."

"Why, Richard!" she exclaimed, "how can you say so? it is not talent you need."

"Then why do I sit here by another man's fire? why do I wear such a coat as this?" he turned the ragged elbow toward her, and concluded, smiling,

"I assure you I don't willingly eat the bitter bread of penury."

"You are not yourself to-day," said Martha, pulling the white thread from her needle, and fingering among the spools in her work-basket.

"No," he replied, "I wake up once in a while, and see myself as others see me."

"Not to-day, Richard, you don't."

"Not as *you* see me, dear Martha, I know; for your eyes are full of the light of charity; but I am only a poor semblance of manhood." He dropped one hand beside him and the other across his eyes.

Aunt Martha had succeeded in getting a black thread into her needle by this time, and, placing her chair beside him, she drew together the gap in the coat sleeve.

I withdrew to a distant window, under the plea of getting nearer to the light. "It's of no use, Martha," I heard him say—"let me appear just as worthless as I am—it can't be kept off long, at any rate."

"Why, Richard," she whispered, in a tone of the tenderest reproach, "you must not give way to such moods—they will not do any good."

"No, I know it," he replied; "I don't expect they will do me any good—nothing will do me any good—that is the worst of it—I am losing all ambition, all pride, all honor—don't shake your head—I am perfectly aware of my condition—that is what makes it so hopeless. I would drink and forget my sorrows, but for the little impediments of having neither money nor credit."

"How wildly you talk."

"Put your hand in my pocket, and see if I talk wildly—do you suppose I would sit here, a prey to the blue devils, if I had a sixpence with which to dissipate them? Oh no, Aunt Martha, I am not quite so lost to all right reason as that!"

She slipped her hand in his pocket, and brought up a piece of money, which I suspect she did not find there,

exclaiming with an air of triumph, "What stories you do tell, Richard."

"And what stories you tell, you good angel!" he replied, and taking up her hand, pressed it to his lips.

She was more than repaid, and, as she bent over the torn lace she was mending, there came so sweet and cheerful a light to her face, I thought she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

I think Richard thought so too, for he sat for some time repeating snatches of poetry—

"A maid whom there were none to praise, and very few to love,"

He began, and went on—

"A being not too bright nor good for human nature's daily food."

And ended with singing—

"Oh to abide in the desert with thee!"

"Aunt Martha," he said directly, laying the money with which he had been playing on the table beside her, and speaking in a tone that indicated scorn of himself, "look at me from head to foot, now—patched, and brushed, and darned (thanks to you) into a sort of threadbare decency, and tell me about how long I shall be in reaching the gutter?"

She shook her head and frowned deprecatingly, but he went on—"I think I can compute the time pretty accurately, myself; nevertheless, I should like to hear your opinion."

"How crazy you talk! but," she added ingenuously, "poets are all crazy, I suppose."

He smiled, and she went on with womanish tact—"By the way, that last poem of yours has been running in my head all day—let me see—how does it open? I can't remember; but it struck me as being the most beautiful thing you ever did."

Richard had been lopping limberly on the table—he sat upright now—a new spirit had been infused into his soul.

"Do you like it, truly?" he asked. "Well, I confess it is a favorite of my own, if I may be pardoned the

vanity of saying so." And he repeated several stanzas aloud.

"Will you repeat all of it?" asked Aunt Martha.

He did so, from beginning to end, with a great deal of musical tenderness, and dwelling lovingly on the lines which he thought best.

"That poem should make your name famous," she said when he had done.

He drew a sigh of satisfaction, and, perhaps, to evoke further praise, said, "But, Aunt Martha, why, if my verses are worth any thing, does not somebody praise them besides you?"

"Why didn't they praise 'Paradise Lost?'" she replied; adding, "I think ultimate immortality is nearly always proportionate to temporary neglect."

"That is very true," he said, and added, in an ironical tone, but evidently pleased with what she had said—"if the neglect my verses suffer now implies their excellence, I am booked for the laurel—there can be no question about that."

"Undoubtedly it is the lot of genius to be unappreciated at its first appearance," replied Aunt Martha, receiving seriously what he had spoken in jest; "the men who are the landmarks of the ages have stood too high above the heads of the generation they lived in to be fairly judged."

Richard smiled, thrust his fingers through his abundant hair, and said the consciousness of deserving praise was, after all, better than praise. He stirred the fire, and after some cheerful talk, mingled with half humorous, half melancholy jests upon himself, he took up a volume of Burns' poems, and read some of the tenderest passages with great sweetness and power. Now and then he stopped, and, with a cheek aglow with enthusiasm, repeated some lines of his own, kindred to the poet's, as he thought, in sentiment or fancy.

Aunt Martha could not see the inequality—indeed, she often preferred Richard's verses. So the hours went

by very pleasantly to both, and the night fell, the mending of the lace was completed, and the book shut up.

"Ah me!" sighed Richard, rising and buttoning his coat, "the night shows stars and old clothes by a better light. Do I look absolutely forlorn, Aunt Martha?" and he turned himself slowly around before her, pulling collar and waistcoat down.

"Never saw you look better," she responded with great sprightliness; "your neckcloth is just a little awry, that's all," and rising on tiptoe, she adjusted it, carefully tucking the ragged corners out of sight.

"Now for your brush," he said, drawing himself up, "my tile is a little the worse for the wear."

She brought his hat from where it lay in the corner, smoothing it with her hand as she came.

"It shows plain enough that it has had bricks in it, doesn't it?" he said, taking it from her, and smashing it down on his head. She more than reassured him, by saying, such eyes and hair as his were adornment enough for any man.

"A man's a man for a' that," he said, producing a pair of old gloves, and drawing the best one on.

"I like to see gentlemen without gloves, especially when they have hands like yours," Aunt Martha said.

"I don't," said Richard, adding, as he threw the gloves in the fire, "cursed be poverty."

"By the way," exclaimed Martha, "I have a pair of new gloves, a little too large for me. I should not be surprised if they just fitted your hand."

She unlocked a drawer where she kept her black silk dress neatly folded, her white cashmere shawl pinned in a towel, together with the few letters she had ever received, and some trinkets of small value, and brought them forth smelling of rose leaves.

"They are exquisite," said Richard, eying them with the delight he took in every thing beautiful, "but I should think they were your size ex-

actly," and he began to measure one of them across the back of her hand. She withdrew it hastily, repeating the kindly lie, that they were a little too large for her.

He knew well enough that she had not spoken truly, and, moreover, that they were all the gloves she had, nevertheless, he put them on.

Her eyes followed him wistfully to the door, and, as he was about to pass out, she ventured to ask timidly where he was going. He did not look at her as he said, "Down town, to see if — will print my verses."

"Oh, I am so glad!" she cried never doubting his word; "come home early. I will wait for you, and keep the fire bright."

He readily gave the required promise, put his arm around her waist, kissed her cheek, and, with her gloves on his hands and her money in his pocket, went away.

When he was gone, she sat by the fire and sang to herself snatches of old love-songs for a long time, and I forbore to disturb her happy musing by the melancholy prophecies which I knew would be all too soon fulfilled.

I left her there at an early hour, and went sadly to bed. She had no need of me that night—he heart was company enough.

About midnight I awoke from disjointed dreams of Richard and Martha. A terrible snow-storm was raging, and the shutter at my window was swinging noisily to and fro. I rose to fasten it, and as I raised the sash I saw Martha leaning from a neighboring window, and looking out into the wild night. I thought at first she was in her night-dress, but I perceived directly that it was the snow, fiercely driving through the air, with which her head and shoulders were covered.

She must have been leaning from the window a long time I knew; and also knew that it was Richard for whom she was looking.

Many a night after that she looked for him, and when he came, stagger-

ing and imbecile, nursed and comforted, and protected him from censure. I saw that his way was steadily downward, and that, though pleasant influences might sometimes detain him a little while, nothing could detain him long from the lowest degradation. Aunt Martha could not see it, however, for nothing so blinds the eyes as the heart; and when he would stay at home for a night or two and read verses, and lament his short-comings, and attribute what manhood was left in him to her good influence, she would grow enthusiastic in the belief that he was going to lead a new life; and what beautiful visions she saw in connection with this new life, the reader can readily imagine. Whatever they were, she never told them, and few persons ever suspected that she had a heart—better for her if she had not had one—poor Aunt Martha!

I found her one evening tying a green ribbon about the straw bonnet Mrs. Lytle had given her. "Is it your taste?" I said, admiring it. A girlish flush suffused her face, and I discovered directly that the new ribbon was a present from Richard—he had sold a poem that day, and this was the result of part of the proceeds. "It was so kind, so thoughtful of him," she said, as she surveyed the bonnet when the trimming was concluded. Richard came in while she held it on her hand, and, taking it up, praised the taste with which the ribbon was disposed, and himself fitted it on her head, and tied the strings beneath her chin. "The effect was charming," he said, "she must never wear any thing but green." "She would wear any color that he liked," she said, and as she spoke, perhaps to cover the confusion of so bold an avowal, she stepped hastily from the room. We tacitly received the impression, both of us, that she went below stairs.

Richard had taken a glass too much and was communicative, but quite clear, nevertheless; and evidently

weighing the import of his words when he said: "I have just been thinking to-day how I might reform and marry Aunt Martha, and become a respectable citizen, instead of being the vagabond I am."

"Why don't you?" I asked. "It would be comfortable, wouldn't it? to have a wife so good and devoted as she would be—for she really is an angel. She is truly a noble woman. I am glad you appreciate her, and should be glad to see you married, if you were only worthy of her."

"Well, I'm a fool, and there's an end of it," he said, musing to himself, rather than replying to me.

"Why so?"

"Because, in the first place, I never will reform—I am a loafer by nature—and in the second place, if I could reform, I would not marry her—I know all her worth—know that she loves me, and that she would keep me up as nobody else ever can, or will; but, Lord bless my soul, she can't be any thing else to me but 'Aunt Martha.' I wish she could, or that she liked me less. I have never taken any pains to conceal my faults, nor have I given her any reason to believe I loved her, and this last is about the only sin I can think of, of which I am not guilty. Oh ho, hum! from being loved by good women, good Lord deliver us."

He set his feet on Aunt Martha's little work-table, adjusted her chair so as to monopolize the fire, and lighted a cigar.

I thought I heard a suppressed sob, and looking round saw Aunt Martha standing in a recess on the opposite side of the room—she had been there during our conversation and heard it all.

That night Richard was brought home at a late hour, drunken to distraction. Martha did not wait for him, and in her soul, as well as in her room, there was thick darkness.

"And so she died of a broken heart," cries the reader, "and Dick repented—planted flowers at her grave, and lived a life full of usefulness and honor."

No, my friend, the story must end less romantically—hearts are not broken so often as poets would have you believe, and men, whose habits are fixed for evil, do not reform so often as imaginative women are disposed to hope.

Richard is living with Mrs. Lytle still, confirmed in his dissipation, and no longer ashamed of it, even by transient fits, as he used to be. He writes a drinking song now and then, and, when he begs a dollar from his relative, is, among a set more degraded than himself, the prince of good fellows. Rose and Florence are handsomely settled in life, and each the central attraction of a gay circle, and Aunt Martha, an old maid still, is living in a log hut on one of our western prairies, taking care of the six children of an insane brother, of whom she is the nurse and keeper. In a letter, received from her lately, she gives me such insight into her melancholy life as would enlist the sympathy of the most careless—nevertheless, it breathes a spirit of cheerful resignation that ought to put to shame the thousands who are repining, without a tithe of her hard fortune to endure. In enumerating her privileges, she mentions the two or three books which sometimes of a Sunday she finds time to read, and I remarked that they were the same that used to be Richard's favorites.

When she has made inquiries about everybody else, she adds, "And, by the way, can you tell me any thing of Richard Lytle? I do not see his name any more, and fear he has yielded to the influence of unworthy companions. Surely, in his case, the light that led astray was light from heaven, for he was full of the best impulses, and possessed a genius that few men can boast of."

In a postscript, she begged that I would inclose in a letter, and send to the nearest post office, five miles from where she lived, a couple of yards of green ribbon for her bonnet—the precise shade of that she wore the spring

she went away from Mrs. Lytle's, if I remembered what that was.

I did remember what the shade was, and sent the ribbon, sighing as I thought of the thousands of unloved women whose hearts are wasting their sweetness on the desert air.

THE ODD-FELLOWSHIP OF NATURE.

BY MRS. FRANCES FULLER BARRITT.

ONE morning—one of those mornings so delightful in summer, when there has been a rain the night before, and you waken to find the shrubbery glittering with innumerable gems of dew, and the breeze playfully trying to shake them off; and when the flowers smile up so freshly from the grateful earth that it makes your heart throb faster—one of those mornings, I had drawn my chair close up by my garden window, and began extemporizing, previous to dotting down the essence, the elaboration, of my rambling thoughts. With my eyes fixed in dreamy abstraction on the waving boughs of the locust-trees in front of my windows, I began:

"What a beautiful world it is!" said I, admiringly; "and yet, I am not happy—none of us are happy! Discontent and selfishness are apparent everywhere. If only these evils could be removed, life could be very pleasant here, notwithstanding that some sorrows must be borne by us all. I wonder if any one ever was contented? I have thought sometimes I could be contented if there were more of certain principles in the world. If Friendship, Love, and Truth abode permanently everywhere. For if these three were exercised, there is a certain fitness of things to man's condition, which, by their aid, would and will render man very happy. But so long as the heart of man has no resting-place in the friendship and truth of his brother, he can not be truly happy, and never will be contented. There is no such discord in the real

world, as we see in the world of mankind. In the beautiful harmony of nature is a type for us. Here each atom helps its brother atom; and here one degree or organization assists all the others. The earth is full of the principle of life in its various forms. It gives out vegetation—and the tree grows and thrives from its sustenance, and in turn sheds down its whole burden of foliage to enrich the earth. The ocean yields up a constant evaporation from its floods—and the heavens, in their turn, pour down refreshing rains, not only refilling the springs, but doing a mission of mercy to the earth upon its way. So through the whole creation, and not one note of discord is heard. It is man alone, perverse and selfish man, who takes from his brother to rob him, and who wounds his brother's heart without striving to console him. Ah, if only he could follow the teachings of the great mother,—Nature!"

Here the locust-trees whispered to each other, and nodded their graceful heads to me in such a beautiful manner, my heart was touched.

"Yes," I continued, "if we could establish Friendship, Love, and Truth, there would be no more wars, no more persecutions, no more suffering poor, no more crime, no more disagreements. Then men would neither slaughter nor oppress each other. Neither wrong nor neglect each other." And as I said this, the bush honeysuckle, near my window, began wagging its head very gravely, as if it said, "No, indeed! no indeed!"

"An institution of the kind now exists," I went on, without minding the audience of my vegetable friend; "and the excellence and beauty of its principles are testified to by many a widow, left shelterless and now made comfortable, and by many a fatherless child, now fed, clothed, and educated. How heavenly a thing is brotherly love—how angel-like is charity,—how sacred is friendship, and how godlike is truth! There is in human nature good material enough, if we knew

how to work it up. Every heart has its fountain of sweetness as well as its fountain of bitterness, but we do not understand their proper management. Now in Nature there is no unfit proportion of the poisonous properties. Every thing has a use, and without man's interference, the kingdom of nature would go on harmoniously to the end."

At this, I observed the trumpet honeysuckle turning its long tube, like a deaf old man, toward me, and I smiled as I fancied there must be a little excusable vanity in nature, since every thing took such an interest in being praised: but, resuming my soliloquy, I affected not to see it, and continued: "Neither can we be entirely indifferent to these lessons. Harmony and Love are insensibly taught us, not only by inanimate, but animate things. In the spring-time, when the stern old winter, like a merciless tax-master, leaves our doors, why do our hearts bound so? Why do we kiss all the rosy-cheeked children, and laugh merrily with our neighbors? Ah, we are already feeling the influence of the universal love in nature, and as the little blades of grass come up side by side so amicably, and the little flowers show their pretty heads in clusters, and the cattle look so contented in the meadows, and the birds sing so mirthfully in the sunshine,—why, it were impossible not to be slightly infused in the spirit of Friendship.

Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life's murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within that reaches and towers,
And grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf and blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings.

So, for a while, man grows amiable, and unconsciously mimics the example of the outward world in sentiment. But, although this is natural

and pleasant, it is not enough,—nature may give us examples, and we may admire them, but”—at this intimation that I was about to make an exception to the teachings of nature, I caught a stiff, prim-looking evergreen staring me in the face with a look as dark as ever I saw on an evergreen—“But man must rely upon the principle within himself, and the precepts of Divinity. We must ‘love our neighbor as ourself,’—we must ‘visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan.’ We must keep our word with our brother, and regard his interests as well as our own. This is a duty we owe to our fellows, and one which requires the highest qualities of our natures to perform perfectly.

“There is a great deal of so-called sympathy in the world—but it is the hot-house sympathy of minds too fastidious to endure the sight of real suffering. The story of woe may touch their hearts for a moment, but the actual sight of it fills them with disgust. The true essence of charity or benevolence never existed in their souls. To cultivate this nobler principle, is the object and practice of a generous-minded order of men at the present day; and Friendship, Love, and Truth are their watch-words. God bless them!—and all nature bless them!”

As I ended my soliloquy, the silver-lined poplar, round by the other window, clapped its thousand little palms together with such an earnest good-will, I would have fancied myself surrounded by a *soiree* of gentlemen in white kids, had not my eyes testified to my entire solitude. A moment afterwards, when I looked out of the window, I saw the flowers, the pinks and phlox, and sweet clover, bending their heads together, and evidently deeply engaged in discussing the merits of Odd-fellowship.

He who labors for mankind, without a care for himself, has already begun his immortality.

WITHERED FLOWERS.

STRANGE are the memories, oh, wither'd flowers,
That to my heart ye bring in wordless speech;
Brightly as sunshine falls on distant towers
And gilds their outlines—of the past ye teach.

For from my childhood and its sunny pleasures
As with a key ye turn the lock of years,
Ye lift the lid, and bring forgotten treasures
Before these eyes that watch the store with tears.

Have ye a mirror in your wither'd petals,
Wherein I read the history of my youth,
That ye give back like glass or polished metals
A thousand visions fraught with life and truth?

Again I view my home at quiet even:
The sparrows hopping on the gabled eaves,
Windows illumined by the crimson heaven,
Varnish'd with joy and framed with quivering leaves.

I seem to hear the murmur of the river,
As it flows on beneath the arching bridge;
To see the moonlight with its white-hued shiver,
Lying in bands upon the pebbly ridge.

And, stranger still, I have the self-same feeling,
That traced the letters of my old romance;
The glow of love, o'er all around me dealing
One hue of joy—that old forgotten trance.

A moment since, and some unknown connection,
Gave me a strange reality of bliss;
I press'd another's hand in dear affection;
I felt my forehead glow beneath a kiss.

Now but the light is vanish'd from my spirit,
A cloud conceals the splendor of my sky,
How could I build on mortals who inherit
The common fate—to live—to love—to die?

For they are dead, those loved ones. Life
is fleeting,
And steals away the props on which we trust;
Leaving one only hope of future meeting,
A stamp for memory, and a heap of dust.

Leaving affections like these wither'd flowers,
That we may hold and turn with reverent hands;
And thoughts that picture out the glorious bowers,
Of which these figures are but shadow'd bands.

PRESENTIMENT.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

BY MISS GRACE LORRETTE.

"I ever trembled at our bliss—
Now there are farewells in a kiss!"

A YOUNG couple stood at the bay-window of a back-parlor, in an old mansion. Before them, in the moonlight of a June evening, lay terraces of flowers, and gray marble steps leading away to a lake, whose waters rippled musically beneath the bright sky, and broke, with a pensive sound, at the feet of the last terrace and its blossoms.

They were the only occupants of the apartment; though, ever and anon, laughter, and music, and flying steps, echoed in the hall, chambers, and drawing-rooms. Even from the great kitchen came the sound of bustle and preparation, and the table-ware and costly cut-glass jingled and rang in the dining-room. Musicians, in a distant room, at times sent forth preparatory preludes. This young couple seemed the only ones in all that crowded old mansion that were idle and totally unconcerned in what was happening—precisely for the reason that they were the most concerned of all—the morrow-morning bringing the hour that was to unite their destinies.

The bridal dress, the vail, and the orange-flowers, lay ready upon the white counterpane in the bride's chamber. The bridesmaids had tried on their dresses before the mirror there, and had planned all things as near to perfection as possible. Very much against the will of the bashful young betrothed, with the assistance of the groomsmen, they had compelled the timid couple into walking, and standing, and sitting, once through the ceremony-anticipatory—lest on the morrow all their movements should not be *comme il faut*.

And now the guests, from a distance, who had arrived that evening, had retired to their couches, and the

young assistants, with their smiles, their sallies, their laughter and merriment, considerably stole slyly from the apartment, leaving the engaged people alone for any little word they might choose to say to each other this last time they were to meet before the wedding.

It was more by the enchanting moonlight, than by the lamp which was burning dimly on the table, that the forms of the lovers were revealed, as they stood in the window with the sweet south wind stirring their garments and trembling in their hair.

His arm was around her, and his tender, passionate, and almost solemn eyes were fixed upon her face with an intenseness of devotion that betrayed him insensible to the beauty of the night, or to any other beauty than that embodied and living in that young and lovely face. His other hand lay caressingly upon the head nestled on his bosom, with its long curls flowing from beneath his touch—glorious curls, promised to the sweet bondage of the silvery vail and orange-flowers!

The glow of happiness of the lover changed suddenly to surprise, as, after watching for some moments the half-averted face, that, lifted partially toward the moon, was too serious for blushes, he saw, one by one, a shower of tears drop from the drooped lashes of the maiden.

His own truthful soul told him how one might weep even from unutterable happiness; and his appreciation of woman told him, too, that there might be many things at a hour like that to call forth the tears. But there was something unusual in those tears. He remembered finding the young girl in a melancholy reverie several times that day—her usually hopeful face covered with unaccountable gloom.

It was, therefore, with a half-awakened feeling of doubt and alarm that he turned her face to his own, saying.

"Tears, Evelyn—and to-night?"

The maiden blushed and made no

reply. And when he kissed her forehead, and begged to know if she was unhappy, or if she repented of her promises, she buried her face in his bosom and burst into such a passion of sobbing, that he was really alarmed. The thought that possibly she *did* repent their betrothal came over him, and caused him to turn pale. While his form almost quivered with the fear, his brow clouded with pride, and he spoke in an accent of the deepest reproach—

“Evelyn!”

The weeper was calm in a moment.

“Forgive me, forgive me, Robert! I am very foolish,” she said, lifting her head and throwing her arms around his neck.

The doubt as to her truth vanished in a moment, and Robert pressed her passionately to his heart, inquiring—

“What is foolish, dearest?—surely, I shall have to believe, if you do not explain, that you are afraid to trust the future to my keeping.”

“No—no—no! not that—but—do you—believe in presentiments?”

The dreadful question was at length asked, and the lover laughed, in spite of the anxious and solemn face with which the hesitating girl had put it.

“Campbell says that ‘Coming events cast their shadows before!’” he replied, gayly; “and I am compelled to be a believer, since those six plagues of attendant lords and ladies married us to-night. But what fearful foreboding has had power to sadden your spirits?” he asked, as he perceived even then the tears stealing down her cheeks.

“I know that you will think it idle—but, indeed, indeed I can not help it!”

“What can not you help, Evelyn?” said the lover, smiling to reassure the timid girl, trembling on the tip of a confession.

“I cannot help the dream I had last night, from making me sad. Would you believe it, I dreamed I was ‘Ginevra,’ in the mournful old story—I hid in the chest—I felt all the despair

of finding it closed on me forever—it seemed to me hours and days—I thought the most of your sorrow, and papa’s, and mamma’s—I grew faint—I gasped—I suffocated!—oh! it was dreadful!” said the young creature, fixing her eyes, full of prophecy and melancholy fear, upon her lover.

Despite of himself, he felt a little awed at their serious expression, and there was a little tremor in the gay tone with which he said—

“And woke up, I suppose, with your pretty nose smothered in the pillow!”

“No, indeed,” was the reply, “not at all; but the moon was shining full into my room with such a mournful light, I could not sleep again—I never felt so glad before to have the sun rise;—and yet, all day, the dream has haunted me in such a manner, and all the music and laughing sounds to me as if it said—

“They sought her that night and they sought her
next day,
And they sought her in vain till a week pass’d
away.”

When Mary Morrison commenced singing it as they were trying the bridal dress on me, I grew so faint that I had to sit down. It has affected me so strangely—I cannot tell why;—only I fear—do tell me, dear, candidly, whether you do not think it is a warning?”

And putting both hands on the shoulders of her lover, she remained breathlessly waiting for an answer, her dark eyes dilated with eagerness, fixed upon his face.

“Why, no; certainly not,” he answered, impressively, hoping to quiet the feelings which he saw were intensely excited. “Your imagination, your emotions are too vivid. You will soon injure and weaken this delicate frame of yours, if you allow such fancies to take possession of your mind. Indeed, you have been quite pale and altered to-day. When you have whispered that little word ‘obey’ to me, I shall *forbid* you to harbor such terrible presentiments;” and he laughed lightly. “To be

sure," and he glanced back into the old-fashioned parlor, whose pictures, and recesses, and heavy furniture, enveloped in dark shadows, smiled very faintly in the flickering light of the expiring lamp, "one might almost fancy here that the lumber-room contained

'A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor ;'

but we know it *don't*,—at least, I saw none when I went with John to bring out half-a-dozen dusty tables, to 'groan' once more beneath the weight of luxuries."

Half convinced by his laughing manner that the heavy fear which had lain on her heart all day was only a feverish fancy, wrong to indulge, the young girl smiled once more as she said—

"I will *try* and not let it fret me any longer, dear Robert."

"Go, now, dearest, to your slumbers; and be sure to wake up well and happy. To-morrow—to-morrow! God bless you, beloved!"

He folded the fair being closely to his breast, and turned away. He had nearly reached the door that opened into the hall, when, in the moonlight and shadow of the dim room, a light figure glided after him;—though she had received his parting embrace, to meet on the morrow as his bride, Evelyn was close beside him—was in his arms—sobbing—murmuring—moaning broken words:—

"Forever—forever!—I feel it *here*—forever!" she half-uttered, pressing her hands over her heart. "Why do you leave me? yet, go—go!—I said I would try not to feel so."

Robert was alarmed by this new evidence of the morbid power of her own strong fancies, over one to whom he was so devoted. He said a hundred words of tenderness; and again, after soothing her agitation somewhat, he bade her good-night.

Beautiful, as if tempting her to her fate, the lake, with its deep waters, shone in the moonlight, with a soft song of adulation, winning her away

from her terrible dream. The south wind, sandaled with rose-leaves, passed by, its invisible garments sweeping backward with a rustle, and its breath perfumed with the sweetness of its dewy and melodious lips.

The pulse again beat gently in the bosom of the maiden, revived by the fresh coolness of the air;—and there, before her eyes, that lake sparkled with fascination, like the beautiful but accursed spell that steals over one looking into the still eyes of a serpent.

Yielding to its influence, she glided from the window, over the terrace, down, down—never staying to even pluck a flower—down to the very edge of the water, and sat upon the last gray-marble step, leaning over and looking down into the waves which crept up to her feet, and answered the gaze of her prophetic eyes with that subtle smile which water *will* sometimes have, even when the holy moon is floating above it.

Upon the last gray-marble step the young girl sat; her dark hair streaming around her, a few stray tresses rocking to the musical waves as they stole up and looked with their alluring faces softly into the eyes of this child of imagination and of—Fate!

"What said you? lost—lost—lost!
I can not think I heard you right, fair air,
For God's sake, say I did not hear you right."

Half an hour before the time appointed for the performance of the marriage ceremony, Robert Mortimer passed the threshold of the bride's mansion, through the hall, and tapped lightly at the door of the apartment in which he was to join his betrothed. It was opened by Evelyn's mother, to whom he held out his hand. But the hand she placed feebly in his was cold as ice, and her lips quivered as she attempted to speak. Surprised and in some consternation he led her to a seat, and glancing round the room found it deserted.

"Perhaps I have intruded earlier than—my dear Mrs. Grey, Evelyn can not be ill?" he stammered, in confusion.

While the pale lips of the mother were still essaying to speak, the sister of the bridegroom, Mary Morrison, a lovely young girl, came running in tears and terror up to her brother, sobbing,—

"Our dear Evelyn is gone—we can not find where!—she was not in bed last night, and her scarf was found floating among a cluster of lilies in the lake this morning. Do not—do not look so white, my own brother—perhaps—perhaps she may be found! You frighten me, Robert—do not"—and throwing her arms around him the weeping girl strove to arouse him from the still despair which seemed to have come over him so suddenly as to leave him no power to move.

Several others who had been flying through the grounds and over the old mansion in consternation, now gathered around him, as he stood, growing paler and paler, looking into the pleading face of his sister as if striving to comprehend what she had said.

"Merciful God! then her presentiment was true!" at length he ejaculated, in a tone of such utter anguish as startled the color from every cheek.

As he said this, he sank slowly upon the floor and bowed his head to his hands. No one attempted to soothe him; there was so much that mocked at words in his manner—besides, their own hearts were heavy with fear and foreboding. One by one they stole from the room to continue their search. The lake was dragged, and so strong was the supposition that she must have perished in its waves, that gradually from every corner of the house and garden, the searchers came and stood upon the banks awaiting the recovery of the corpse of the victim.

The father, trembling, yet striving to appear calm, supported his wife in his arms; the awed and weeping bridesmaids clustered together; silence and gloom hung over all the guests; while a few of the young men labored hard at their sad task.

The little pleasure-boat usually attached to the steps of the terrace, was found to have drifted away, and was floating loosely through the water;—the scarf which had been found upon the first alarm, attached to the lilies some distance from the shore—proofs so evident, that none doubted the unhappy accident which had befallen the beloved Evelyn.

And all the while they were dragging the lake, Robert sat motionless upon the floor, with his face buried in his hands. When the words—"Evelyn is gone," smote upon his ear, a conviction, a thousand times stronger than his bride's presentiment, came upon his soul and paralyzed his powers. The dream, the tears, the sadness, the emotion of Evelyn rushed back to him, and what he had deemed an over-sensitive and vivid imagination, now seemed to him to be *truth*!—a truth at once so terrible and so certain that there was nothing to be done but to believe it. If it had not been for the memory of the young girl's prophecy, what he heard would have roused him into a storm of energy—lake, nor wood, nor death itself, should have kept her fate long a mystery. Under other circumstances, hope and love would have prompted him to aid in the search. But as it was, he doubted not but that she was lost forever; and the fullness of despair overtook him at once.

Sitting there in his helpless grief, with the clammy sweat of his forehead oozing through the fingers pressed tightly over it, one sound rang hollow and wild through the desolate and empty chamber of his soul—Evelyn's words of the preceding night—"Forever, forever!—I feel it *here*—forever!"

Minutes upon minutes—an hour—passed by, and he had not stirred, nor spoken, nor groaned.

It was an awful wedding-morning!

Suddenly a hand, soft and moist, was laid upon his brow—a word was breathed into his ear by a sweet and trembling voice—

"Robert!"

Had that hand been a touch from the divine fire of heaven, it could not have thrilled him more. Had that voice been speaking his admittance to immortal happiness, it could not have been more welcome.

He sprang to his feet. Before him, blushing, laughing, confused, trembling, anxious, stood—Evelyn!

Five minutes afterwards she found time to explain.

"That merry, wicked, cruel, dare-devil brother, Harry, of mine, had the impudence to creep up to the window last night and listen to our conversation. You know him, he always has laughed at my 'Sibylline horrors,' as he says—declaring I will some time put myself into a moonbeam and drown myself in a dew-drop. He says my parting with you last night was so very alarming," and the young girl's dark eyes danced roguery at her lover, "that he had to set about a cure at once. So, what must he do but follow me down to the lake last evening, fling my scarf into the water, unfasten the boat, take me up as if I was an infant, carry me into the house and lock me up—not in 'a chest that came from Venice,' but in an old clothes-press, in the third story. It was fortunate that the lock was somewhat aged, or I should have been there yet. He has punished me sadly, indeed—I do not see how he could have the heart to do it, for your sake and mamma's. I urged him very hard to spare *her*, at least, the fright, and take her into his confidence; but not any comfort would he give me. It was such a pity," he said, "that I should have all my tender parting from you for nothing—that it would not be at all romantic unless my *presentiment* came to pass. Indeed, the wicked rogue has some wisdom, after all, for I do not think I shall ever have another presentiment as long as I live," and, brushing the happy tears from her cheeks, the dreamer drew her lover to the portico, from which they could see the unhappy party by

the lake-side. "Do see that miserable Harry, tugging at the drag, with such a sad face," she continued, merrily—"and my mother—my poor mother;" and clapping her little hands, she shouted, at the height of her musical voice, something that made wretched father, and desolate mother, and tearful bridesmaids, and grieving guests, turn hastily with one accord to behold, by the side of the delighted lover, glowing, radiant, happy, beautiful, the fanciful victim of a—*Presentiment*.

THE BALLAD OF THREE LITTLE SOULS.

BY JULIETTE H. BEACH.

THREE children play'd one summer day,
At sunset, by the ebbing sea,
And moor'd within the shining bay,
A painted boat rock'd lazily.
With prattle full of baby-lore,
And bits of song that told their glee,
They clamber'd in, and from the shore
The boat went drifting out to sea.
"Mother!" the cry came faint and far.—
Beneath the swiftly darkening skies,
They saw the home-light like a star,
And shoreward gazed with wistful eyes.
Their mother, on the toy-strewn shore
Stood 'mid the prints of little feet,
And with white lips, but weak no more,
Sent words of peace, and blessings sweet.
"Pray, darlings!" and with clasped hands,
And fear and faith blent in her tones.
She knelt upon the foot-mark'd sands,
Whispering "Dear Christ! Thy little ones!"
Three little heads, together bent,
Strove on her form their eyes to keep;
She knew their voices, softly blent,
Said "Now I lay me down to sleep."—
And so they pass'd from mortal sight—
But in the billows faintly borne,
She heard "O mother sweet! good night!"
From the dear lips of her first-born.
Then rising, wan and tearless-eyed,
She said, "Lord, praises be to thee!
For these white souls shall never ride,
Storm-toss'd and vex'd, life's treacherous
sea!"
And when at midnight came the sound
Of searchers rowing mournfully,
And pale lips said, "The boat is found,
And—this, that floated on the sea!"
She took the little well-worn hat,
Kiss'd it, and laid it on her breast,
And when her silence fears begat,
Friends softly said, "She is at rest."

AMPATO SAPO:

A LEGEND OF ST. ANTHONY.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

"From the purpling grange of pleasure,
 You the grapes of bliss shall clasp;
 But the wine of their enjoyment
 Shall slip earthward through your grasp."
 WILLIE E. PADOR.

A CENTURY ago: the Mississippi swept on as when Chateaubriand wrote of it,—“a river of mighty solitudes, rolling amid undreamed wonders of vegetable and animal existence.”

Dark moss-wreaths clustered amid the boughs of cypress as luxuriantly then as now, and the rich festoons coquetting with the breezes, borrowed from the golden sun-rays that quivered upon them, a changeful, varying brilliancy.

Children of the forest saw this grandeur, and the finer, more impressive natures transferred it to the spirit world, where beauty was constant and immortal. Further up on the banks of the river, where nature put on a bolder, stronger aspect, stood the wigwam of a chief. Within were various tokens of rank; rich skins and gay blankets depended from the roof, and the sides of the cabin boasted many trophies of victory in war and success in the chase. The dress of the chief, who had just returned from a two-days' absence, was an odd mixture of military and Indian equipments. Beside him was a seat—originally a tree-bole—branching into three divisions, each division terminating with the claw of a beast, and the remainder curiously carved, and stained with high-colored paints.

Lashed upon a board which stood upright by the stool, was an infant, a few months old. A submissive squaw was turning a piece of venison which roasted by the coals, giving a pleasant odor to the room, and some corn-cake was baking on a flat, round stone in the ashes. Looking up deferentially through her eye-lashes, she said in the dialect of her tribe, “Think ye they'll come before long?”

“May be,” was the curt reply; “draw up fresh coals—when the blood runs so fast it gets worse smoked.”

“They come,” said the sachem, a few minutes after, as he saw a canoe crossing the river.

The diviners, held to be the Magi of the tribe, entered. For an hour or more, with the paraphernalia of their art spread about them, with mysterious signs and movements, they counseled over the future of the infant bound to the board. They argued that sorrow was before her; the trail of life, though it lay through a beautiful forest, had hidden thorns, and one of these should pierce her heart: the sun of life, for a while unshadowed, should be hidden at noon-day under a dark and heavy cloud.

So they called her name Ampato Sapo; or, Dark Day.

* * * * *

The child of dim forebodings had grown to womanhood. Dark-browed sons of the forest thought her a marvel of beauty. Gifts of curious workmanship and articles of value, obtained at the trading forts on the frontiers, were laid hopefully at her feet; the hunter, too, brought his offerings, but in vain.

Ampato was slight and graceful in figure; her laugh was musical, yet its echoes quavered on the ear like a song in which joy and rapture blent with the plaintive notes of grief; her dark eyes had a noble look of wistful yearning, and the shadows of their lashes lay upon her cheeks like the shadows of summer leaves.

At length there came from the Iroquois tribe an embassy of goodwill, substantiated by strings of wampum and the calumet of peace. The bearer was a young chieftain; his lithe, well-knit frame always distanced competitors in the race, and his swift-footed steed first won the goal.

He was tall, handsome and renowned. Nature had gifted him for an orator, and the language of his tribe, held by many to be susceptible even of an Attic elegance, was a fit medium

for his eloquent appeals. A cap richly plumed, a dark green coat of foreign manufacture, spangled with star-shaped ornaments, a silver belt, leggins of black, which were fastened in silver bands and terminated by gay moccasins, constituted his showy wardrobe.

Quanonchet pleased the old chief well. The glances of his eye met Ampato's, kindling in her soul that mystic fire called—love; and when he came again, a coal-black pony, richly caparisoned, trod lightly beside his noble gelding. That same night echoings of the marriage-dance resounded through the forests, and she, whose step in the dance was lightest, whose eye glowed with the deepest joy, was the bride of the chieftain.

* * * * *

The seventh year of wedded life had dawned, and the third moon hung its silver crescent in the evening sky.

On Ampato's dusky brow were traces of sorrow. The stern immobility of her features was only relieved by a tender sadness which hovered about her tearless eyes.

The third moon waxed strong—it stood in the east full-orbed and red. The sachem arrayed himself in full dress, as when he had first appeared before Ampato. Never had he looked better; their children, the "Light-footed Gazelle" and "Blue-eyed Dove," ran to and fro across the cabin in high glee, as he frolicked with them. There was a fascinating tenderness in his manner as, a little while after, he attempted to caress Ampato, who then sat nursing the Blue-eyed Dove in a little rocker he had bought her, the week previous.

"Quanonchet," said Ampato, reproachfully, but sadly. The arm of the strong man fell by his side, and, turning away, he took up his plumed cap to pass out. "To-morrow night I come back," said he, as his tall figure darkened the doorway.

An expression of anguish passed over Ampato's features as, in reply, she pointed her dark hand upward.

The old love struggled in the savage heart for mastery; but at that moment a wild whoop from the shore, where his canoe lay moored, hurried him away. Soft furs and rich blankets were therein to spread a couch for the expectant bride. Ampato's heart-touching entreaties and bitter tears could not stay Quanonchet from his purpose.

A few miles down the river lived an Indian of great power and influence. To him who should win Pocasset, the Indian's daughter, would be transferred honors and possessions, for which Quanonchet thirsted.

That night, according to the Legend, when the sun went down behind the earth, and the moon came up in the east, a group of friends gathered around Ampato as she stood upon the shore. In answer to their dissuadings she replied, with a hand upon her throbbing heart, "I must go soon—so let me go before *she* comes."

The light canoe was launched,—herself and babes placed within. The paddles were thrown out, and the tide bore them slowly on. Her death-song, clear and distinct, came back in mournful numbers to those on the shore.

"The Manitou calls and Ampato will go
Where the beautiful suns never fade—
Where hearts are not crush'd by the burdens of woe,
Nor life's roses with thorns all inlaid."

"The Great Spirit loves when the Chieftain forgets,
And his voice to Ampato is,—'Come!'"

The listeners heard no more; the death-bark sped on swiftly with the hastening current, sweeping over St. Anthony into the watery chasm below!

The spot which saw the fated life go out was long marked by the wild, tempestuous whirl of its waters; and those who, at evening, stood upon the banks of the river, affirmed that very often they saw the spirit of Ampato, in her wanderings from the spirit world.

Out of good men choose acquaintances; of acquaintances, friends.

HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND.

COMPLAINTS are heard in every community, of women's "usurping authority over the men,"—of wives refusing the "obedience,"—the "submission,"—the "reverence" due to their husbands. Such wives are doubtless quite numerous, and constitute one of the sorest evils under the sun.

But a little while ago, an esteemed friend of mine, thus afflicted, took occasion to unbosom to me his grief, which, he said, he found it impossible longer to restrain. I really pitied the poor man, who doubtless expected from me some expression of sympathy. All I could do in this way, however, was to make him acquainted with my own case. It had been with me an invariable rule to regard household occurrences as inviolable family secrets. But I ventured, for the first time in my life, to depart from this rule; and I told my friend, that *I, too, was ruled by a wife!*

"Can that be, John," he remarked with much surprise. "Is it possible! I had supposed, in common with all the men in the neighborhood, that if there was a man in town who had a gentle, obedient, submissive wife, that man was John Lawton."

"Whatever people may think, what I say is true," I replied. "Between your case and mine, however, there is a wide difference. You complain of your lot as a very unfortunate one. You have not, you say, seen a happy day since the first year after your marriage, nor expect to see another during the period of your present connection. I have not, since I became a husband, experienced an unhappy day from the cause you mention, nor do I expect too see one while I or my present wife shall live."

This remark seemed to increase my friend's surprise; and he asked an explanation. This I readily gave him, by relating to him my conjugal experience of nearly twenty years; a task which I shall not attempt in this

communication. One or two occurrences, indicating the manner in which I was brought, and am still kept, under the control of a woman, must suffice.

A few weeks after marriage, my wife had arranged a visit with a female friend residing several miles distant, who had invited a few select friends, among whom was one whose residence was but a few doors from our own, and whom my wife had promised a seat with her in the carriage. On informing Mrs. L. that an important business matter required my attention, in an opposite direction, in one of the distant towns of the county, on the day of her appointed visit, and that I expected to use the horse and carriage myself:—"Very well," she replied; "my engagement of course, must not be allowed to interfere with any business of yours. I deeply regret the conflict of our arrangements, however, as I had anticipated much pleasure from the contemplated visit; but I shall much more regret any derangement of your business plans. I am sorry that I did not—as, I own, I ought to have done—consult with you before concluding my arrangement. Another day would probably have answered as well. My disappointment is but a deserved punishment for my error, and I shall try to bear it with due patience. It affords me some relief to think the disappointment will be felt more light by my friends than myself."

These words, deriving not a little force from the peculiar manner and spirit in which they were uttered, were conclusive. I at once determined, that, at whatever sacrifice or inconvenience to myself, the visit should not be interrupted; and I promptly told her "Old Cub" and the carriage were at her service. She seemed unwilling, however, to accept the offer, until I assured her, that if she consulted my pleasure in the matter, the intended visit would not be given up, adding, that my business might perhaps suffer no serious detriment from a day's postponement; or, if I should

think otherwise, I could find some other conveyance. Fortunately, the evening's mail brought me intelligence which rendered the journey unnecessary, and relieved her from all embarrassment.

Another case. Our house, owing to my limited means, had been rather scantily furnished. As soon as I deemed it expedient and safe to make a further outlay, I requested her to order, at any time, such articles of furniture as she should judge convenient or necessary. A few days afterward, I ordered, for my own special convenience, an article for which there remained a suitable place—the only place, in fact, in the room in which the article would be most convenient for my use. Its delivery by the carman was to her the first intimation of my purchase; when she informed me that she had that day selected a piece of furniture, which, if agreeable to me, she intended to order. But both articles were designed for the same place; and although there was no other place in the house in which the article selected by her would be of any essential service to her, she at once conceded the superior claims of the bookcase, and proposed going immediately to notify the shopkeeper that the intended purchase had been given up.

Notwithstanding the readiness and evident sincerity with which the concession was made, her countenance betrayed a feeling of disappointment which she strove in vain to conceal. As in the former case, I promptly relinquished my claim, assuring her that I did so with the greatest pleasure, as the inconvenience to me of occupying another room would be far less than it would be to her to dispense altogether with the use of the article she desired.

Such has ever been her deference to my opinions and judgment—so ready and cheerful her compliance with my wishes—that to serve her has been my greatest pleasure. Call it abjectness, servility, slavery, or what else you please; it is a service from which I

desire no discharge. I would not exchange conditions with any “lord of creation” who exults in his power to enforce his behests. All the service I have rendered is but a just return “for value received.” The most obstinate stickler for woman’s submission and reverence, could not ask for a longer *measure* of these than I receive; and I appreciate them the more highly, because I believe them to be in their *nature* such as those old sainted preachers, Peter and Paul, enjoined. In these two lies the secret of a wife’s power. Says the adage, “The elephant may be led by a hair,” implying what is equally true, that he can not be brought into subjection by force. So John Lawton is not the man that was born to obey the *commands* of any woman. With him, the milder treatment is more effective than would be the “usurped authority” by which some of his sex are said to be governed. Weak, indeed, would be his claim to humanity, if he could resist the power of a cheerful countenance, pleasant words, and kind actions, a power to which he is not ashamed to acknowledge willing subjection, a power of which, I believe, its possessors generally are themselves unconscious, and which is the more potential because thus undesignedly and spontaneously exercised. To this mode of controlling husbands, I have no objection. The greater the number of ruling wives of the above description, the greater will be the number of loving husbands and happy homes.

I close with a few brief hints to complaining husbands. The advice I gave to the friend alluded to, I here repeat, in substance, for the benefit of those similarly afflicted. I do not say that they have no just cause of complaint, nor that the evil complained of may be wholly prevented or cured by any course of conduct they may pursue. But I recommend to them a strict self-examination, an impartial review of their past conduct. They may possibly detect in themselves

errors which have contributed much to the evils of which they complain, and the correction of which errors would essentially mitigate their troubles. Some may find, that while they insist on a strict fulfillment of the obligations of wives to "submit themselves to," and to "reverence their husbands," they themselves come short of the reciprocal duty to "love their wives, and be not bitter against them." The faithful discharge of the duties of husbands would greatly diminish the number of unkind and unsubmitive wives. If, by the faithful performance of the duties which Infinite Wisdom has assigned to woman, she acquires the controlling influence I have ascribed to her, then the man who would acquire a corresponding influence, must practice, with equal fidelity, the duties enjoined upon him by the same high authority.

What has been said upon this subject, suggests several important inquiries, which may be considered in a future communication. J. L.

HOME.

BY MRS. A. J. DICKINSON.

Oh! there's many a weary footstep in this pilgrimage of ours;
Many a thorn adroitly hidden 'neath the petals of the flowers;
Many an arid, burning desert, that by manhood must be cross'd;
Many a goal in earnest fought for, or forever must be lost;
Many a deep and 'wild'ring sorrow that must wring with grief the soul;
Many a wave o'erwrought with anguish that must o'er the spirit roll.
But there is a green oasis in the desert's wide expanse,
And the dreariness around it, serves its beauties to enhance.
'Tis our *home*, within whose shelter dwell the ones we love the best,—
Oh, how sweet, when toil is over, here to seek and find our rest.
Here is *she*, the loved, the chosen,—chosen from the rest of earth,
Nearer, dearer, far than others link'd to us by blood or birth;
She who caused the first love flutter to awaken in the heart,

And who, in succeeding day-dreams, always play'd the angels part;
She is here, beside the hearthstone, with her baby on her breast:—

Weary laborer, way-worn traveler, tell me if here be not rest?

Then, perchance, a tiny footfall thine own step in haste may meet,

And a face upturn'd in gladness, and in love thy vision greet,

And the music-tones of childhood sweetly fall upon thine ear,

And "Papa!" Oh, word most thrilling! from the rosy lips thou hear,

And the little dimpled fingers clasp thine own to lead thee home;

Weary workman, in life's vineyard, from this haven wouldst thou roam?

There is rest beneath the roof-tree, here is shelter from the strife,

And the buffetings and dangers which beset the outer life:

Here unbosom all thy sorrows, here disclose thy hopes and fears,

Here are none to mock thy sadness, none to turn thy joy to tears.

But remember, Oh, remember! that above this world of ours,

With its sunshine and its shadows, with its rainbows and its showers,

There's a home, a purer, brighter, than is found beneath the skies,

Which the soul will enter into when this earthly body dies;

If aright we use the blessings which He gives us here below,

And the glory of that dwelling we on earth can never know.

But faint glimpses of its splendor in His word to us is given,

To sustain us in our pathway as we toil from earth to heaven,

And remember, Oh, remember! that thy home beneath the skies,

'Though it is so dear unto thee, only bids thy spirit rise,

Where the glory fadeth never, and thou shalt never roam,

But where thou shalt dwell forever in thine upper, better home.

We sacrifice the present in regretting the past that has already gone, and in tormenting ourselves about the future that has not yet come. It is pretty much the same with a widow. Between the husband she has lost and the husband she is expecting, her days are spent in alternately sighing over what she can not change and what she can not command.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

BY E. C. JAMES.

CHRISTMAS-DAY was drawing near its close. The sun had been long down, and the last traces of its setting were now obscured by the dense clouds of a rising storm. The moon, struggling through the forecast mists, shed a dismal gleam of light over desolate wastes of drifted snow; while the wind, which rose to a fuller strength as the night came on, wailed strangely and sadly through the swaying trees.

On the broad hearth-stone at home the "yule log" blazed and crackled, and the red flames leaped up with a hot-breathed gladness into the yawning mouth of the old brick chimney. Many were the faces that shone in its cheerful radiance—faces dear from old associations; and young faces whose merry look betrayed no trace of sorrow. The well-loved past and scenes of former days were coming up from their quiet rest into the light of the old man's memories, while the younger portion of the circle sat silently listening with wonder to the tales of past adventures.

As my grandfather had concluded a story of border life, which absorbed the attention of the whole group for nearly an hour, it came Aunt Eleanor's turn next, and while we were all anxiously waiting, she thus began her "o'er true tale,"—for my aunt never indulged in romance or fiction:

"On the southern slope of one of those beautiful hills which environ the city of Fredericksburg, and stretch for many miles along the pleasant Rappahannock, stood a large old-fashioned house, in the years ago, whose time-worn walls were partially concealed in the warmer seasons by the luxuriant mantle of the Virginia creeper that, spreading over the portico, ran across the small windows and clambered along the gabled roof. A group of horse-chestnut trees, and a hedge composed of the briery bushes of the barberry and blackberry, with

here and there a sweet brier, covered with its delicate pink blossoms, inclosed a yard verdant with the early grass which spread around the eastern and western sides of the mansion. Beneath the vine-covered windows, and along the slope of the hill, extended a garden, rich in the summer-time with fruits and flowers, and from the terrace the beautiful Rappahannock could be seen gliding like a silver serpent among the pleasant hills.

"It was toward sunset on a bright day in the early spring, when our carriage rolled in between the antique pillars of the old gateway at Hillside, and down the lawn toward the portico. The tender germs of the maple and beech leaves had already burst their swelling buds, and came timidly forth into warm spring sunlight, and the early grass was spreading its verdant carpet over the russet trail of the winter. There was joy at our arrival. Soon as the sound of wheels was heard on the carriage road, faces appeared at the bay window of the hall, and before we reached the colonnade the sound of children's voices shouting "they have come, they have come!" rang out clear and merrily on the air. Warm and welcome was the reception we experienced (there is a pleasure in going 'cousining' when those you visit are happy to receive you, and such were ours), for we had been long expected and had not met for years.

"Cousin Annie Chester was my companion, and I had brought little Willie with me, too, at the solicitations of the children, that they might have a playmate. When the bustle of arrival and multiplicity of questions—which followed so fast that but one answer could do for all—had partially subsided, and the quiet of the evening came on, we gathered a happy company in the room of the household, as we are gathered here to-night. A very pleasant room it was, though old fashioned. Its deep window-seats were nicely cushioned, its clumsy-looking mahogany tables, with dark

time-colored surfaces, highly polished, the curious carved wood-work, the fire-place, surrounded by small Dutch tiles, the antique-looking portraits of the race of former proprietors, and the screens placed around, made the apartment a favorite with the family. The children were in high spirits, and caused the old house to resound with the music of their merry voices; but as the night crept on, they became more quiet and at last went tired to bed.

"As there was other company in the mansion, so that almost every habitable room was occupied, Willie went to sleep with his cousin, just returned from boarding-school, in a remote chamber at the further wing of the house.

"There was much to talk over, much to tell, in the room of the household that evening,—many inquiries to answer and numerous messages to deliver, so that the night was quite far advanced before we retired to our chambers. It was a spacious apartment into which we were shown, as our kind hostess bade us good-night, and had the old look corresponding with the rooms which we had before visited. The ceiling was vaulted, and there were deep embrasures to the windows, which opened on the garden and the western hills. We had reached it by threading an intricate series of corridors and passages, which led, with many turns and winding ways, through every part of the mansion. So difficult, indeed, was it to trace your way through this labyrinth of halls, that the moment I heard the clang of the door at the further end of the corridor, as it closed between our kind guide and ourselves, my timid mind suggested the thought of danger and the impossibility of escape.

"But there could be nothing to fear. We were far away from the city, with its dens of crime and misery; far from the confusion and bustle of the town, surrounded only by scenes of country quiet and rural

repose. The very night itself inspired a sense of security and peace. As I opened the lattice and looked out into the silent starlight, the mild, warm breath of the south wind passed by laden with a thousand sweet scents, diffused from young buds and flowers. The odor of earth, newly upturned—first breath of hope to the first laborer after his garden withered—was fragrant on the evening air, breathing of hope, and peace, and plenty. The little frogs, from their damp swamp homes, trilled merrily out upon the night, while the bright stars, so far away, winked their laughing, lustrous eyes as they looked down through the dew-sweet air.

"Listening to the cheerful minstrelsy of the little swamp-singers, we lay long awake, until the very sounds we loved to hear had lulled us to repose, and the consciousness of outward objects was lost in the dreamy mists of sleep.

"I know not how long we slumbered thus, but I remembered being suddenly startled into wakefulness by a slight noise in the room, as though some light object had fallen to the floor. The early dawn had just begun to streak with gray the raven tresses of the night. A dim, faint light stole into the chamber, just sufficient to render the more prominent objects perceptible through the general gloom. I listened a moment in painful anxiety, but all was silent. Thinking it might have been but a mere imagination, or the effects of some distempered dream, I was falling back into drowsiness, when my eyes inadvertently fell upon a shadow moving on the wall—the shadow of a human being, who seemed to be groping about in search of something that he could not find. I now became confident that another person besides ourselves was in the chamber, and all thoughts of sleep were banished; in a moment I was wide awake—a wakefulness more terrible than death. The dim, ghostly shadow assumed a hideous form in my distorted imagi-

nation, and now seemed to be stalking stealthily forward, until it disappeared; at the same time I distinctly heard the sound of breathing approaching near the bed. What could I do? A cry for help would but be lost in the deadened silence of the halls, and bring to a more speedy close the horrible design of the midnight intruder. I could not seek safety in flight, for I knew not whither I should go, and the dreaded object, which I could now dimly discern, seemed between me and the door. In my fear I had unconsciously awakened my companion, who, being even more timid than myself, almost fainted when she realized our situation. I felt a cold, creeping sense of horror come over me,—a feeling that I never can forget, and one I pray that I shall never know again. I was becoming stupefied with fright. Silently, and almost paralyzed with terror, we drew ourselves under the bed-clothes, expecting every moment the consummation of the fiendish purpose which had drawn the intruder hither, for we could distinctly hear him moving with cautious steps toward us.

“What shall we do?” I whispered to Annie, in an agonized voice; but a shudder was the only response.

“All the scenes of my past life now flew by me in rapid succession. I tried to think of all those acts for which I should make atonement; I tried to pray, but that great, overwhelming sense of terror eclipsed all others, and I could not. At this moment the bed began to shake so violently that it was only by pressing both feet as hard as I was able against the foot-board that I could prevent its being heard.

“There was now no sound in the room save the quick, loud beating of our hearts, and I ventured to look forth, in the vain hope that I had imagined all this which seemed so terribly real. But as I did so, the creature which had so alarmed us crawled noiselessly forward upon its hands and knees, and finally laid down di-

rectly under our bed. At the same moment I felt a cold, clammy hand laid upon me; and recoiled with a shudder from the touch—my brain whirled! But the hand was Annie’s; she seemed to have become frenzied with terror and began to mutter unintelligible gibberish. My anxiety for my companion became almost equal to my fright. I cannot express the dreadful feeling that spread over me; it was a terrible deadliness. I could not speak; I could not even move. I felt myself dying with horror.

“How long we were so situated I could never tell, but it seemed a lifetime before we heard another sound. We had suffered the utmost agony of suspense, and it seemed that even death would be a pleasure, that it might relieve us from this distress, when the object crept slowly and cautiously from the place it had taken, and, while we were expecting murder every moment, passed to the wash-stand, where it deliberately proceeded to wash its hands, and then came groping back.

“The dawn was advancing, and objects gradually became more distinct, but not enough as to render them distinguishable only as general forms. My apprehensions were confirmed—it was a living person coming thus strangely on toward us. I could endure it no longer; every object began to swim in a maze before me. Perhaps it was a mother’s love, perhaps mere frenzy, which prompted me, but in my agony I called wildly for Willie.

“What, mamma?” was the affrighted answer.

“It is needless to relate our joy. I sprang from the bed and clasped my poor child convulsively in my arms. And then we all cried together—such a change of emotions could find no other utterance; and morning came over the hills with the rosy blush of the spring-time before we could control ourselves sufficiently to prepare for the coming day.

“It appeared that the apartment

which Willie and his cousin had occupied that night, on account of the number of visitors at the mansion, was one in which a crazy woman, who frequented the neighborhood, was often allowed to rest. According to her custom, she had entered that evening, and finding the bed occupied, took off the quilt, which she wrapped around her, and then placed herself in an opposite corner. The removal of the coverlid had awakened Willie, who, fearing to rouse his bed-fellow, as he had never seen him until this night, got quietly out of bed, and leaving the room wandered about among the strange old halls and passages, until by the merest accident he entered our apartment. Uncertain whose room he was in, and frightened even at the sound of his own footsteps, he groped about as we have seen him. The cold night air drove him to take refuge under the bed. While there his childish nature suggested to him that some inoffensive act might attract attention without exciting suspicion, and he had therefore gone to the wash-stand to wash his hands. He was on the point of returning when my timely exclamation dispelled his fear, and changed our terror to most rapturous joy.

"The night of horror left upon my mind an impression which nothing can erase. I often now look back upon it, and sometimes the thought of the foolishness of such timidity occurs to me. But it was too fearfully real to regard in such a light, and often in my dreams I see that ghost-like 'Shadow on the Wall.'"

WOMEN.

SHERIDAN beautifully said:—"Women govern us—let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened, so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men."

HINTS TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

IV.

LET no mother trust the education of her children entirely to others, if possibly she can avoid it. If she feels disqualified for teaching by any deficiencies of her own education, she ought, by all means, to use what leisure she may have in qualifying herself in those branches which her children are pursuing. This, perhaps, is equally the duty of both parents: for children are always far more deeply interested in that which seems to interest their parents, than in other subjects. But if it is important to show a sympathy in the pursuit of the earlier elementary branches, in order to fix their attention sufficiently upon them, it is even more important when the pupil becomes farther advanced to be able not only to assist your children in their studies, but to be competent to judge of the propriety of the course of instruction they are following, as well as of the merits of authors, and the perfection of theories. Those children who are handed over to teachers, no matter how able, who have no special sympathy with their pupils, almost invariably learn *by rote*, instead of having that thorough understanding of their subjects which familiar instruction and conversation imparts to the confiding, youthful mind. It frequently happens in this way that a very expensive and apparently thorough education is nearly lost upon a son or daughter, who, after going through all the text-books, and having all the usual masters, turns out a dull and really ignorant person; the fault having been that no one ever engaged his or her attention *by sympathy*—the most sure and universal mode of instructing successfully.

Teach your children to inquire into causes when they see effects, instead of allowing them to take up with any absurd or superstitious explanations which may have descended through generations of uneducated and credulous persons. There is no training of

the human mind more surely ennobling than that which comes by a close observance of, and inquiry into the mysteries of Nature. If you are able to instruct your child in these mysteries—to teach him the exquisite and harmonious relations of things—to explore with him the intricate but delightful paths of science, and to make of him a chemist, botanist, geologist, or naturalist, or to explore with him the great and wonderful truths of astronomy, you give him one of the most surest means of happiness as well as of usefulness; and you make of him the noblest of whatever he is capable of being. Admitting that you are not able to go far with him in these pursuits; only then go as far as you can, and give him a taste for the study or studies.

This course, too, will develop not only his highest morality; but will show to you and to him the peculiar bent of his mind, for he will be sure to have a preference for some one thing over another, and thereby you can decide upon his future profession. Supposing that he does not find his peculiar talent in the natural sciences, the acquisition of this knowledge is a help to him in the attainment of any other kind of knowledge. Try him then on mathematics and mechanics, or on logic. During all this exploring, you will be deeply delighted, and your child led insensibly to an understanding of and confidence in his own powers in some particular sphere of action. In doing this for him or her, you renew your own youth and experience over again the enthusiasm of school-days and student-life.

After thus becoming acquainted with the capacities of your children, by joining in their studies, and having perfected their knowledge by furnishing them the best books on their favorite subject, decide for them or with them upon a profession. Every child, male or female, should have a profession, trade, or handicraft of some sort. The origin of *loaferism* is the want of this, in nine cases out of

ten. The want of this among women results still more deplorably. How, let me ask any kind father and tender mother, can you reconcile yourself to the righteousness of bringing children into the world to turn them off, as soon as they arrive at the estate of men and women, to depend upon mere chance? There is no doubt as to the unkindness, not to say, wickedness of such a desertion of your duties. Hitherto your child has depended upon you for every thing—maintenance, instruction, sympathy—and, all at once, either by becoming of a proper age, or by your death, he or she is cast upon his or her inexperience to contend not for bread only, but for position, consequence, character, every thing desirable, unarmed with a knowledge of any occupation that could secure the one, and too timid and despairing to know how to make sure of the others. For the sins, suffering, and shame which too frequently falls to the lot of these weaponless ones set in the front rank of the battle of life, not themselves, but their parents are too often responsible. Because a son has come to maturity physically, is no reason he should be considered a man, unless you have so formed his mind that he is ready to take upon himself a man's duties. Through all kinds of errors will he struggle, and if he fall not, it will be by virtue of an inherent manliness that may defy temptation and trial of any kind; and even by his success you do not stand acquitted of neglect.

Your daughters you are training up for what? To get married? But they may be unfortunate in marriage, or death may deprive them of protection and support. What then? They are ignorant, helpless, and despairing. To keep a cheap boarding-house, to wash gentlemen's shirts, to sew for a few cents a day, to drudge at the most menial and unprofitable employments, unable to educate or even comfortably clothe their children—this is the fate awaiting them in case of any accident to their prosperity. Let me

counsel and entreat you to do what you can to prevent it. Educate your daughters not only in books and every accomplishment you can afford, but also in some one particular branch of industry which would afford a maintenance if necessary, and in that one branch see that they excel. It is true that men have hitherto jealously guarded the avenues of trade from the encroachments of your sex; but when you have become really fitted to compete with them in the knowledge of and capacity for any business within your desires, it will be in vain for them to resist you. The time is coming when woman may be truly independent, in the way perfectly compatible with delicacy and feminine dignity.

In these few hints which I have given concerning the treatment of children from infancy to maturity, I have arrived at condensing instruction into a small space, believing that if you value my suggestions the subject will continue in your minds, and you will elaborate it in your own thoughts. And let me here again remind you of the importance of physiological knowledge, as well for yourselves as your children. It is imperative upon you, that before you assume the responsibilities of motherhood you should know with what a terrible and wonderful, as well as beautiful, being you are gifting your offspring. Gather about you the best authors on Physiology and Medicine, and by an understanding of the first, endeavor to avoid the necessity of the latter. And now go over these imperfect suggestions from first to last, and begin to *think* upon the subject. Follow up thinking with reading; and reading again with thinking; and as fast as your daughters are old enough, teach them what you have learned, and counsel them to continue the study. Neither excuse your sons; but be especially faithful with your daughters, for with them rests the welfare of future generations.

DR. E. L. ST. JOHN.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Let us add,

VOL. VIII. 18

as an appendix to this most valuable series of papers, the following advice and hints on the *dress* of children from the pen of Mrs. Pullan. It is reasonable and wise. The lady says:

“While advocating the cause of children, and deprecating in their behalf any unnecessary wounding of their sensitive natures, we would as earnestly condemn the folly which, from the desire of gratifying maternal vanity, dresses the children in materials and in a style fit only for grown-up people. Simplicity of toilet, next to simplicity of manners, makes the charm of childhood: nothing can be more repugnant to good taste than a little girl who looks more like an overdressed doll than a happy, ruddy child; and it is positive cruelty to fetter their limbs or hearts by the constantly reiterated consideration of their clothes. Among winter materials, merino has long been deservedly the favorite for children’s dresses. The fabric is so soft and beautiful; the single color usually so much more becoming than any set design; and the fact that the fabric is the same on both sides, and will bear turning, makes it so economical. In choosing merino, it is well to hold it up to the light, to see if there are any thin or defective places in it. The twill should be the same on each side, and close and fine. Cashmere looks nearly the same on *one* side, but is plain on the other, and not nearly so thick; consequently it is much less warm, and it will not turn. The high colors, scarlets, crimsons, and cerise, in all their shades, are always the most expensive. They, however, are often fashionable, and will frequently bear a good dark color, when dyed, if they become soiled before worn out. *Blue*, except sky-blue, is almost always dingy looking; and the dye employed frequently causes the material to rot, so that a dark-blue merino is usually one of the dearest purchases that can be made in the line. The greens are so terribly trying to the complexion, that none but the fair and youthful should

attempt to wear them. The browns are among the most useful and generally becoming colors;—wearing well, and looking handsome to the end; and the tribes of fawn, stone, and gray, brightened up with one light rich color, make the most tasteful and elegant of inexpensive morning robes.”

WINTER MANAGEMENT OF FLOWERS.

THE following direction for the culture of favorite house-plants, will be welcome, just at this time, to our lady friends:

BULBUS FLOWERS IN THE HOUSE.—The culture of bulbous roots in a green-house or light room, during the winter, is comparatively easy, provided two points be attended to. The first is, to keep them near the light, and turn the pots or glasses round frequently, to prevent their growing crowded; and the second is, when the plants have done growing, to give them little or no water. For want of attention to these points, bulbs have been known to produce foliage year after year without showing any signs of blossoms.

All bulbs, at a certain period of the year, are in a dormant condition—this, in a state of nature, being invariably after the seed has ripened. But as, in a green-house, many of the family do not ripen seed, the period should be watched when the leaves show indication of decay; and at this time the supplies of water should be lessened, and shortly afterward the earth should be suffered to get dry, and remain so until the season returns, when the bulbs regerminate. Many sorts of bulbs will keep best in pots, under the soil, in a dry, sandy place, and in the same temperature as that in which they are in the habit of growing; but others, such as the hyacinth, tulip, narcissus, &c., may be taken out of the soil, and preserved until the return of the proper season for transplanting.

The pots should at this stage be taken into the house, and placed in any convenient situation in a room without a fire, till they have formed their blossom-buds, which will be in the latter end of October, when they should be removed to a window in a room where there is a fire. They will throw out abundance of branches, and will continue flowering beautifully during November, December, and January, and, if they are regularly watered every day, till the following March. The seeds of the plants which are to come into flower in March, to succeed them, should be sown in pots at the latter end of August, and the pots may be placed in any situation, under cover, where they will have plenty of light, and can have air occasionally.

Early in November they should be thinned out, or transplanted, so as to leave only six or eight plants in a pot, and these pots should be plunged into a shallow box, half filled with coal ashes, and placed where they will not have much heat, and yet be protected from frost. While in this situation, they should be regularly watered once or twice a week.

CAMELIA JAPONICAS.—To grow the Camelia to perfection, considerable care is necessary. Any one in repotting plants, will observe how liable the roots are to get matted together, so as to render them altogether impervious to water, which often runs down by the sides of the pots, leaving the middle dry. Those, and they are many, who make a parlor-plant of the camelia, are often disappointed and discouraged at seeing the apparently well-formed flower-buds turn brown and drop off, just when expected to open. With some this arises from not having been repotted the previous spring; it is evident that the numerous roots must have exhausted all the goodness of the soil in forcing shoots and buds. Water will then just keep the plant alive, but affords no strength for the flower to come to perfection.

With others, the plant is much in-

jured by the strong, dry stove-heat kept up in the room, a state of atmosphere not at all congenial to the camelia, and particularly when flowering. The leaves must at all times be kept clean and free from dust. A little attention to these points, particularly not suffering them to stand during the summer in the hot sun, and keeping them well watered, will make the parlor cultivation of this beautiful plant by no means difficult. When placed out of doors, they should not stand too near each other—a free circulation of air improves their appearance and strength.

GREEN-HOUSE PLANTS.—To put green-house plants in proper order requires some taste and judgment. Most plants have a peculiar location in their native state, therefore it is equally requisite that they have something similar in their artificial location,—in the green-house or in the parlor.

The geranium may be placed in a situation as close as possible to the glass, where they can obtain the full influence of the sun. The camelia, on the contrary, requires a shady situation, but should be so placed that a free circulation of air can act upon it, which should be wholesome, or the flower-buds will eventually drop off before they expand. All kinds of succulent plants, like the cactus, should be placed on shelves in a warm, dry situation, where they can receive the sun and air. On the front shelves, small plants, of almost every kind, may be placed, and particularly the hardy kinds, as China roses, bulbs, and those that are of a dwarf habit. If this plan be observed, their appearance will be graceful and pleasing.

What are familiarly known as Dutch bulbous roots, intended for blooming in pots, during the winter season, should be planted during the months of October and November, and be left in the open air until it begins to freeze, when they should be placed in a green-house, or in a room, exposed to the sun. They will need occasional moderate waterings until they begin to

grow, when they should have abundance of air, in mild weather, and plenty of water from the saucers underneath the pots; they should also be exposed as much as possible to the sun, air, and light, to prevent the foliage from growing too long, or becoming yellow.

MIGNONETTE FLOWERS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.—With a little management, it may be contrived to have Mignonette in flower every month during the year. In order that the plants may flower in winter, the seed should be sown in the open border in July. Or, if it be more convenient, the seed may be sown in pots in that month, placing the pots in a balcony, or outside a window, or in any situation where they will have abundance of light and air. In September the plants should be removed to the pots in which they are to flower, and only a sufficient number left in each to make the pots look full, without the plants being so crowded as to occasion them to be drawn up.

Some taste is also required in arranging the plants in such a manner that the whole will form a mingled group, not too formal. Their various colors and forms should be so managed that there will not be too much sameness, which will be the case if several plants of a similar kind are put together. Some plants, of tall habit, should be selected and placed separately.

MINIATURE AND BOURBON ROSES.—The miniature family of roses, as its name implies, consists of plants of dwarfish habit. The low growth of these plants, and the small size of their flowers, present a striking contrast in comparison to the other varieties. They should be grown by themselves, for when planted among the strong and rapid growers, their beauty will be comparatively lost sight of. These beautiful little plants vary in color from white to dark crimson, and when planted in good, rich soil, frequently combine the loveliness and beauty of some of the larger varieties in miniature. The Bourbon roses are very popular. They are generally of a

strong and vigorous growth, producing a constant succession of bloom the whole season. They delight in a strong, rich soil, and will bear moderately close pruning.

COUNSELS TO THE YOUNG.

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider break his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits though the day may be a dark one—

"Troubles never last forever.
The darkest day will pass away!"

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promises, a man or child may be cheerful.

"Never despair when fog's in the air.
A sunshiny morning will come without warning!"

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst; or a firewood that will end in smoke and darkness. But that what you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

"Something sterling that will stay
When gold and silver fly away."

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A

fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.—Never revenge an injury.

"He that revengeth knows no rest:
The meek possess a peaceful breast."

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and by little great things are completed.

"Water falling day by day
Wears the hardest rock away."

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his clothes in earnest, and sings, while he works, is the man for me—

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick;
A grumbler in the mud will stick."

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can get out of the way of wild beasts—but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. Keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may not find room—

"Be on your guard, and strive and pray,
To drive all evil thoughts away."

EDITOR'S RETREAT.

DECEMBER.

MONTH of darkness! How the days seem to shrink away from it by growing shorter, and how the "night, and storm, and darkness," seem to strengthen at his coming! All around us are the dead leaves of the summer gone. The vine which covered over all the porch, and gladdened all the birds of June with its load of roses and perfume, is stripped, as if for burial, and the wind makes complaining notes through the leafless branches. The trees are barren, like old age when the gray hairs even has dropped away, and the knotty hand trembles as it puts forth the patient staff: they surge and moan through all the darkness like sentient things; and we some times dream that they have gathered up their roots from out the freezing earth, and moved away, like spirits, silently into other lands. But they will swing their arms through the long winter—they will sigh and moan in their desolation—will stand still for awhile in the spring, as if to renew their youth in the warm airs of April—then will put forth buds and leaves, and gladden and be glad all the season through. What is it, then, that December teaches? Not the going away of life, and freshness, and beauty, but the deeper truth, that even the trees and vines must have their night of rest and repose, that they may be ready for the vigorous life at the end of the reign of winter. We are all too prone to find fault with nature's various moods—with rain, wind, lightning, heat, cold; but let us realize fully the office which these visitations perform, and our minds are filled with wonder, our hearts with thankfulness, at the wisdom of the changes and the seasons. Let December come, then, with its days of gloom, its nights of storm and thick darkness: it all is rest for nature's summer forces, and in it are the germs of all the life, and glow, and fruitage, of the coming year. Let some of our poet friends sing for us the joyous "Song of December," with a refrain which will echo sweetly by the hearthstone while the grand diapason of the winds make solemn harmonies without.

SONG OF THE SOUL.

From Charles D. Gordetti comes this fine lyric, for the purity of life against the impurity of its desecration:

Black glooms the Night, but the fire gleams bright—
What shall I sing of? Wrong? or Right?

In the gloom without, stalks Wrong, no doubt;
Yet the ruddy flame puts Wrong to shame,
And my fireside hath an honest fame
That I do not like to flout.

This world is fair, there is light to spare;
Then why are such shadows flung everywhere?
Shadows of lust and of passion, thrust
In each brightest place of the World's wide space,
By man, with the Cain-brand on his face,
And his feet on his Fathers' dust!

Those landscapes dark, with Salvator's mark—
Canvases black as a Mummy's sark
With many a stain---that shrieved and strain
On the mildew'd wall of some palace tall
By the Arno's bank: I would give them all
For one sunlit Claude Lorraine!

The other morn, in the virgin dawn,
On the spot where innocent flowers were born,
Two brutes—nay, men!—brutes were nobler
then—

With bosoms bare to the stainless air,
Fought, like—who knows what like they were?
There no such thing in my ken!

Fought? for what? For a vengeance hot?
For a savage hatred, wine-begot?
For a Wrong to right? For a word's despite?
No! they fought for gold! They were bought and
sold!

They fought for a pitiful handful of mold!--
That shadow was black as Night!

The world is fair: there is light to spare:
Yet Shadows like this lie everywhere!
On river and plain is some bloody stain!
Are our souls debased by this Salvator taste?
Oh, God! that these Shadows might be offaced,
By some sun-born Claude Lorraine!

GIVE US THE RIGHT.

Ay, give it; for there is need of salvation for the fast departing virtues which once found a resting-place with us, as a people. Where now are those simple tastes which used to preside over homes, under whose eaves the very swallows would twitter their happiness and content? Where those pure hearts and minds which used to enjoy all things which were pure and good, because they were so—that used to enjoy friendships

and affections from their very soul's deeps? Where the charity which *felt* for suffering, which alleviated it as a privilege, and which knew nothing of the "societies" that now absorb all the means of the community for their support? We have for our companionship, not the right but the fashionable—not the just but the politic—not the truth but dissimulation! Is it not so? Look where you will, and how little can you see of real old-fashioned hospitality,—real old-fashioned graces and goodness! Visit any thoroughfare where people congregate, and the impudent airs of the fashion devotee send you sickening home. Go into any shop, and the necessity of guarding against untruth from the storekeeper and all his clerks, shows too plainly the absence of truth—the immense deterioration in the average standard of integrity. Upon all sides we see action governed almost entirely by not what is conscientiously right, but by what is policy. Is it not so? Who will give us the Right again—who shall restore our lost virtues?

THE BEAUTY OF PURITY.

We were lately reading in a railway-car. Before us sat a lady with a little girl, whose sweet face fairly made the car sunny. She chatted, and sang, and enjoyed every thing so well that none could help entering into her moods. Here, we thought, is the influence which one pure and sweet nature will exert over the circle around her. Does that man of care in front of her become absorbed in his projects and responsibilities, the pretty question of the little grace dissipates all, and he forgets, for awhile, the enemy of his happiness and health. Does the old man on the other side become listless and sad in his thoughts of life and death, the sweet face of the child sends a smile to his wan and wrinkled features which it does the heart good to see. And the young folks sitting on the back seats look at her and grow more loving toward one another.

Here is the "philosophy of life" sought for so long by the wise—a little child gives us the true interpretation:—innocence and kindness are the keys which unlock the doors of the heart and let in the sunlight of grace. Apply these virtues to our every-day life, to our business, to our pleasure, to our social

relations, and we have a new existence opened before us. Men, in pursuit of their daily rounds of duty, steel their hearts *against* tender and sweet influences; they grow suspicious and "shrewd;" they take thoughts of how they shall get advantages in trade, and "position" in society; and everywhere the dear, blessed virtue of kindness, of desire for others' well-being is borne down, crushed, murdered all the time.

Oh, that men and women were more like children! More like them in loves, and graces, and purity! Christ did not say of men and women—of *such* is the kingdom of Heaven; but of *children*—just such as the dear child we saw in the car.

It is often remarked of the truly great and eminently pious, that "they are simple as children,"—are unaffected in their manners and unselfish to a degree which makes every one love them. It is *not* a particular and especial virtue given to them—it is just because they always remain children in their simplicity and purity of heart. This should doubly endear the child to us, and it should be our study to do naught that can mar the moral beauty of their natures. Alas! how few parents understand this in its true light! How debasing to true development are those systems of education which throw the good and bad together, and ultimately result in giving the child a demeanor, thoughts, wishes, which are fatal to moral grace and beauty.

A proper training for the child is to make it *retain* what nature has given it of love, and trust, and hopefulness, and admiration for the pure: do the majority of children receive such treatment as will tend to a development of these attributes of soul? If they do, where then does all the conceit, all the love for show, the taste for the fictitious, the habit of dissemblance, if not of actual deception, come from? Let each parent of a child which has lost its early simplicity of character answer.

THE TRUE TEST.

A picture has been on exhibition, in a prominent gallery of this city, which has been the subject of some comment. It was a Venus, painted by Mr. Page, an American artist of some celebrity, now residing in Europe.

The question has arisen how far personal exposure is tolerable and allowable. Some papers have taken the stand that nudity is not, necessarily, immodesty, but is rather desirable where the artist would deal with the highest class of subjects, namely—to render nature so truly and purely as to lift the mind above the possibility of a base inference. Other papers (and, strangely enough, the *New York Herald*!) have held the exhibition to be improper, bad in its tendency, and debasing to true art.

We have thought much upon this question of "privilege to art," which claims the right to deal with a class of subjects forbidden in life and in thought even; and we can not find it in our judgment, or in our sense of what is right and proper to admit the propriety of such exhibitions as the one named.

The position of the *Herald* beyond question, is the true one:—any delineation, in marble, on canvas, or in words, which can cause the modest cheek a tinge of shame—which can excite questionable remark or doubtful inference is not a proper nor a tolerable performance. Exposure of the person is always shrunk from by a properly educated person, and nature herself teaches the limits of the allowable. In cases where a tragedy is enacted and nature is outraged, the mind recoils, and the effect is one of pity and pain. Thus, in the "Dying Gladiator," the "Laocoon," "The Greek Slave," etc., the telling of the tragedy is allowable because the impression is one of profoundest pity. Had "the Greek," for instance, *not* been exposed in a market-place, and had the *expression* of the subject been other than one of suffering, it would have been too immodest for any decent recognition.

When, instead of the cold and pallid marble, we have the canvas and the tints of a warm palette, with accessories of any character which the taste of the artist may dictate, the ground of proprieties becomes doubly dangerous; and a subject must show an *absolute necessity* for any undue exposure of the person to warrant the delineation.

Was this the case with Mr. Page's work? Not at all. He went not only back of any necessity, but made a *pretence* of a subject in order to paint the figure of a female in im-

proper manner and language. His work he calls "Venus Leading the Ships of Æneas to the Latin Shore." These "ships" scarcely appear in the scene—indeed, are *not* a feature of it, and are simply thrown in as an excuse for the real picture of a figure painted *a-la-Titian*, with not a shadow around her person, not a look, or attitude, or feature to lift the subject into the ideal so as to render the impression pure. As a work of mere delineation it is fine; but, as the evolution of a thought—as the expression of a sentiment, it has not a shadow more of claim upon propriety or decency than those exhibitions which even the "authorities" of New York were called upon to suppress. We, therefore protest against such pictures, and shall mourn the day when *American* art and the American public shall tolerate the moral enormity without expression of disgust.

CONTENT.

The following comes to us from a friend: is it original? It seems very like something we have seen in print before. It ought to have formed a sub-chapter to our late essay on "Contentment:"

Mistaken mortal, ever fretting,
Grasping, grinding, groaning, getting,
Be content!

If thou hast enough, be thankful,
Just as if thou had'st a bankful,
Be content!

If fortune cast thy lot but humble,
Earn thy bread, and do not grumble,
Be content!

Have the rich, think'st thou, no trouble?
Twice thy wealth, thy sorrows double.
Be content!

List the lore of learned sages—
Those wise men of the Grecian ages.
Be content!

Their reckoning up of all earth's riches,
Was compass'd in one short phrase, which is
Be content!

The rich man gets, with all his heaping,
But dress, and drink, and food, and sleeping,
Be content!

Though in sleep the rich men gain not,
Poor men sleep when rich men may not.
Be content!

Remember, thou for wealth who rakest,
"Nought thou broughtest, nought thou takest
Be content!

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

"Sheathed is the river as it glideth by,
 Frost-pearl'd are all the boughs in forests old,
 The sheep are huddling close upon the wold,
 And over them the stars tremble on high.
 Pure joys these winter nights, around me lie :
 'Tis fine to loiter through the lighted streets
 At Christmas-time, and guess from brow and pace
 The doom and history of each one we meet ;
 What kind of heart beats in each dusky case ;
 While startled by the beauty of a face
 In a shop light a moment ; or, instead,
 To dream of silent fields, when calm and deep
 The sunshine lieth like a golden sleep—
 Recalling sweetest looks of summer dead."

THE extract we quote, from a modern English poet, is a whole text for the month of December. The river's icy sheath we have all often seen, sometimes with pleasure and sometimes with dread, according to whether our systems were braced up to meet the icy spears that invisibly pierce us, when the Frost King has his spearsmen abroad ; or whether so sensitive, and shrinking from debility or too luxurious habits, that we could not with impunity encounter his majesty's armed hosts. But we agree with the poet, that "Pure joys these winter nights around us lie." We really cannot guess the effect of an endless summer upon humanity, in our country ; but our present summer of three or four months suspends social pleasures, especially in the city. With the return of winter come again the hospitalities and gayeties. Everybody puts on their handsome new silks, and velvets, and furs ; and their best hat and overcoat, and parade Broadway by daylight : and by gaslight there are all sorts of social and public amusements that wealth, talent, and ingenuity can invent. Then, indeed, "'Tis fine to loiter through the lighted streets ;" but while we see all the beauty and gayety, it is well to regard pitifully, if not with actual benevolence, that other class, to whom winter brings no such delights. Let us thank God, reverently and earnestly, that we are not, as they are, in a worldly condition : that our feet are not bare and our breasts beaten upon by the merciless winter-winds : and let us resolve to forward such institutions as have it for their intent to alleviate such misery, rather than

to be sending clothing to the natives of a clime where perpetual summer reigns.

City pleasures in winter are very exciting and fascinating ; but we doubt whether they are as real and as satisfactory as those of the country. We have a strong affection for country sleigh-rides, country parties, and even country balls, where a whole neighborhood, whose acquaintance dates from childhood, meet together to be merry and social for a winter evening. There is *real* merriment—and not simpering, languid, whispering, fashionable ostentation of enjoyment, where no enjoyment is. There everybody is supposed to be invited, because his or her presence is desired by the inviter, and not for any peculiar attraction which may be afforded to other inviters, or because the inviter feels compelled to do so rather than lose a valuable influence in some certain quarter. In short, we still cherish the idea that cordiality and sincerity, in some manner, pertain to the country, and that there we are certain of meeting with "friendship that is *not* feigning, and loving that is *not* mere folly," as Shakspeare says that friendship and love are.

But it is our duty, in this department, to give our lady readers some housekeeping hints. If you have been good housewives and attended to previous hints, you have already nearly finished up the work of the current year. Still, lest you should have some little jobs of whitewashing, cleaning, &c., left to do, we shall give you a few good receipts : promising that, in the coming year, you shall have the benefit of our best experience personally, and our best judgment editorially, in selections from the most reliable authorities.

DURABLE OUT-DOOR WASH.—Mix whiting (Spanish white) with buttermilk to a consistence a little thicker than common lime whitewash ; to every pailful (two and a half gallons ?) of the mixture add two table-spoonfuls of salt and one-half pint of boiled Linseed oil.

ANOTHER VERY HARD WASH.—Mix one-

half bushel of lime; one-half lb. of white vitriol (sulphate of zinc); two quarts of salt; and five lbs. of sugar—any refuse sugar will answer.

TINTED WASHES.—Take half a bushel of nice unslaked lime; slake it with boiling water; cover it, during the process, to keep it in the strainer; and add to it a peck of clean salt previously well dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste, and stirred in boiling hot, half a pound of clean glue which has been previously dissolved by first soaking it well, and then hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle within a large one filled with water. Add five gallons of hot water to the whole mixture; stir it well, and let it stand a few days covered from the dirt. It should be put on right hot; for this purpose, it can be kept in a kettle on a portable furnace. It is said that about one pint of this mixture will cover a square yard upon the outside of a house, if properly applied.

Brushes, more or less small, may be used according to the neatness of the job required. It answers as well as oil paint for wood, brick, or stone, and is cheaper. It retains its brilliancy for many years. There is nothing of the kind that will compare with it, either for inside or outside walls. Coloring matter may be put in, and made of any shade you like.

And these hints are reasonable for the larder:

TO PRESERVE BUTTER FOR WINTER.—Take two parts of the best common salt, one part of good loaf sugar, and one part saltpetre; beat them well together; to sixteen ounces of butter thoroughly cleansed from the milk, put one ounce of the above composition; work it well, and put it into pots when quite firm and cold.

TO MAKE YELLOW BUTTER IN WINTER.—Just before the termination of churning, put in the yolk of eggs. It has been kept a secret, but its value requires publicity.

TO FRESHEN SALT BUTTER.—Work it over in small quantities in cold water, changing the water till it is clear. Then mix a teaspoonful of white sugar and a table-spoonful of fine salt into each pound of butter. Do up in rolls, or pack in jars.

TO CLARIFY BUTTER.—Scrape off the outside of the butter you may require, and put it into a stewpan by the side of a slow fire, where it must remain till the scum rises to the top, and the milk settles to the bottom; carefully with a spoon take off the scum; when clear it is fit for use.

Here is a capital recipe for *clear starching*—a process which even many a good housewife does not well understand:—Collars, under-sleeves, or handkerchiefs, of very fine muslin or lace, will not bear much squeezing or rubbing when washed. They can be made perfectly white and clean without either, by the following process: Rinse them carefully through clear water, then soap them with white soap; place flat on a dish or saucer, and cover with water; place them in the sun. Let them remain two or three days, changing the water frequently and turning them. Once every day take them out, rinse carefully, soap, and place in fresh water. The operation is a tedious, and rather troublesome one, but the first embroidery comes out perfectly white, and is not worn at all; where, in common washing, it would be very apt to tear. When they are white, rinse and starch in the usual way.

Also some directions for those good things which “all hands” like:

CREAM PANCAKES.—Mix yolks of two eggs with half a pint of cream and two ounces of sugar; rub a pan with lard, and fry as thin as possible. Grate sugar over them and serve hot.

BELL FRITTERS.—Stir into a pint of flour a pint of boiling water, until it becomes smooth. When cool, beat into the mixture seven eggs and a little salt. Have ready some boiling lard, and fry the batter—a spoonful at a time.

STEAM PUDDING.—Three cups of flour, one cup of suet, one cup of raisins, one cup of molasses, two cups of milk, one teaspoonful bicarbonate of soda. Chop the suet very fine, put it in the flour with the other ingredients, and steam it two hours. To be eaten with lemon dip.

COURT-PLASTER is made by covering thin silk with a coat of isinglass. The latter is also a principal ingredient in the manufacture of postage-stamps.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ONE of the most prominent features of a lady's dress is the sleeve, upon which a great deal of good and bad taste is exhibited, both by the ladies themselves and by the "artiste" maker. The present styles are pleasing, if not very imposing. The sleeve, termed the Marie Stuart style, comes up every few years, and is now *ton*. It is composed of a succession of puffs from the shoulder to the wrist, confined at short intervals by bands around the arm, and made not with "ample fullness," but simply loose. Another style has puffings or other trimmings on the upper part only, with a full bishop sleeve, or a flowing one below. Any one of these will look well on thin people, or those whose arms are unduly long and meager: while a sleeve of very simple form, drooping from the shoulder, is most becoming to the plump and petite. Of these the Sultana is, though not the newest form, one of the most elegant and distingue. It is somewhat like a mandarin sleeve, wide at the bottom, where it is generally cut square, and open up the seam to within an inch of the top. Sometimes it is so cut as to fit tight round the shoulder; at others it is made as wide at the top as at the bottom, and set into the corsage in full box-plaits. The inside of such a sleeve requires to be trimmed with inch wide satin ribbon of the color of the lining, and box-plaited in the center. The under-sleeve, if trimmed with ribbon, ought to be ornamented quite to the top, in the form of a cone.

Madame Pullan offers, in a paragraph on this subject, in one of her late papers, the following hints: "We would suggest to those who study economy, that a remarkably pretty one may be made of black illusion, trimmed with black velvet ribbon, and, when completed, lined with somewhat-stiff white net. The sleeve, with its velvet wristband, should be made perfect without this white lining, which can readily be washed and replaced. It looks nearly as light and pretty as a white illusion sleeve: and with any dress trimmed with black velvet, even more appropriate: it is also much warmer. Marquissette fastenings would look

very rich on it. They are, indeed, daily becoming more fashionable, as *velvet*, their most appropriate concomitant, is more and more worn."

— We receive many kind notes which it would be a pleasure to quote if they were not too personal. Miss C. H. W., of Tualatin, Oregon, says: "I shall always take 'The Home' so long as it sustains its present character—it *should* be in every family." Miss Harriet L., of Geneva, begs us to "consider her good for at least two clubs, as she considers it a duty *to work* for such a magazine. She would canvas for no other." Little Susie Gray, of Robinvale, Chataque county, "wants us to publish more stories for *little* folks," and says "she will get a subscriber for every story we will give her!" Orlando G., of St. Louis, wishes us to make a general agency in that city, where "The Home" can be had, like other monthlies, by the month. He adds: "it is the best family magazine I ever read—each number is worth a year's subscription to me, and I know that others would think as much of it if they only knew its character." And so the records run. Let us say here that we, editorially, thank all for their sympathy and good words, and will do all in our power to render the monthly *more* desirable in future than it has been in the past. That the publishers mean to do their part is apparent from their prospectus.

— We cheerfully read contributions inclosed to us, where the MS. is perfectly legible, written on one side only, and shows at a glance that the author knows how to express her or himself. But, MS. which is written in a blind, blurred hand, on both sides of the sheet, is, we may say, the especial horror of editors; and many a really good contribution is marked "Rej." for no other reason than the editor's want of time and patience to decipher the chirography. We have on hand several of such MS. which we should be glad to have re-prepared, viz:—"A Life for a Heart," "The Great Ogre of Talktown," "Every one to His own Business," and "The Mother's Hope, Lost and Found." Those of our young friends who

ask that we shall read compositions they may submit, and criticise them, are asking what we can not perform for want of time. It is a good idea for the young to write upon any given theme, and have their work submitted to some elder and properly-qualified person for corrections and criticism; but we are too much occupied to perform such an office, and must here decline to receive the remittances prepared by several of our young friends.

— The following item was given in our November issue, but with several typographical errors, which will excuse its repetition in a corrected form.

We will use, in the course of the coming volume, several stories to run through two or three numbers: but will say, to save answering inquiries of parties who propose to write serials for us, that our "continued" stories are already provided for. What we now wish from contributors is matter to be contained in from three to ten pages of one number. Essays, papers on art and literature, home sketches, tales of good moral, *good* poems, pleasant chat adapted for quotation in the "Editor's Table," will all be welcome, and receive especial attention. We hope to have liberal favors from our goodly number of most excellent contributors and literary friends.

It will be seen, by reference to the publishers' announcements, who are to prepare the serials and special papers of the coming year. These engagements can not fail of rendering this magazine a greater household favorite and more *popularly* acceptable than ever.

— We are frequently asked by interested persons to "notice" this, that, and the other thing—to call attention to some book, or teacher, or school—some nostrum or ware which has wondrous virtues. Suppose we should open the pages of the magazine to such notices, what would be the result? The disgust of readers, and no good results to follow to publishers, editor, or the "favored" party. It is not our intention to do these favors, for two reasons: first, we can not *puff* any thing; second, we will not aid in putting off upon the public any thing of whose virtues we are not fully advised; and,

as we are not so advised in regard to most things asking the editorial mention, the "notice" can not be given. We prefer that the magazine should be judged by a higher and nobler standard of literature than notices which are, after all, but advertisements given as a favor; and, therefore, say to those who apply, by letter or in person, for these favors, we can not consent to do them.

— Our Book Notices are crowded out this month in order to make room for the title and index pages to the volume. We have several works to which we should have referred with pleasure, had space permitted. We may name as some of the books of the month: "Sword and Gown," by the author of "Guy Livingstone;" "The Old Stone Mansion," by Chas. J. Peterson; "Germaine," from the French of Edmund About, by Mary L. Booth; "Lizzy Glenn; or, the Trials of a Seamstress," by T. S. Arthur; "The Adventures of Verdant Green," by Cuthbert Bede; "The Life of Mary Stuart" (Queen of the Scots), from the French of Lamartine, "Household Library" series; and "Poems," by Susan Archer Talley. The magazines of the month are very fine, as they always are at the year's close and opening. The most beautiful, and, we may say, one of the most admirable of all, is the "Cosmopolitan Art Journal," which is a perfect gallery of superb illustrations and fine articles by eminent pens. The "Atlantic" has passed into the hands of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, and doubtless will increase upon its hitherto excellence. "Godey" and "Knickerbocker" promise fine things for the new year. Altogether, we think it may be said that our magazine literature is quite up to the best standard which the tastes of their patrons will bear—to be much in advance of that taste would be to lose subscribers and soon to end the publication entirely. Those good, *disinterested* souls who keep clamoring for our newspaper and periodical literature to become better, more "solid" and useful, should place themselves and all their means in a magazine or paper, and then become so *good* as to lose their subscribers! they would then learn the *necessity* of catering to the taste of readers to as great a degree as was proper to retain

these readers. Lead the taste gently, is a good maxim for publishers—it *will not* be forced. It shall be the effort of this magazine to *lead*—it certainly shall not follow:—it shall be made as good, useful, and desirable as all circumstances will allow.

— A movement is on foot, in New York, to erect a monument to Dr. Kane. It proposes, in order to create a fund, a series of lectures by eminent persons, at the Academy of Music. Geo. Banks leads off, to be followed by Mr. Mitchell, the astronomer. The list includes the name of H. L. Hosmer, of Ohio, a gentleman of fine talents and great excellence of character. Our sympathies are in this work; Dr. Kane stands out as a hero and martyr in the cause of scientific investigation and personal search for the lost Sir John Franklin. Such men deserve monuments; and we sincerely hope the means will be found to honor Dr. Kane's memory as it deserves.

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

In laying before the old patrons of our magazine the programme of the new year, we take a pride and satisfaction which never before has been so fully permitted us—pride in our monthly, and satisfaction in its material and literary success. We shall open the year with the change of title contemplated upon our removal to New York, at the beginning of last year, but then prevented by reasons which it is now useless to refer to. The change, we are sure, will please every patron; and it is our purpose to make it, *in all respects*, such a magazine as the homes and daughters of America require. Some of the features of the year are given on the cover-page and fly-leaf in the front of this number. Let us especially refer all to them, that they may realize the good things in store.

— We desire to thank our old friends and patrons for the favorable consideration shown the monthly under its new auspices during the year past. Their liberal co-operation and sympathy has enabled us to carry

forward our enterprise most successfully—even beyond our most sanguine expectation. While we desire to have all feel an interest in the publication, we ask for it no sympathy from personal or local considerations, and wish [it to be taken upon its *merits*, solely. This will relieve all from the claim preferred by some magazines of a cheap character, for support from reasons other than the merit of the publication. All we wish is for our old and new subscribers to give us just the patronage merited. Compare this monthly with any published at its price, in this country, for real, substantial excellence and popular interest: if it does not merit a preference over all, don't take it! With this we lay the claims of the magazine before all, and hope for such a list as will not fail to place us in possession of the means for still greater improvements and enlargement in future volumes.

— Most inviting offers are made for clubs and canvassers, for which write to us for "special circular." We shall make it an *object*, for ladies and canvassers generally, to *work* for the "Monthly." We not only propose to publish a capital and popular magazine, but also propose to *circulate* it; and to this end we invite attention to our offers to clubs and lists. Send for "*Special Circular*!"

— All correspondence with us should be directed to our address, in full. Communications for the editor can be sent to us, in our care. In writing *for* the magazine, parties who wish their communications returned in event of their non-acceptance, will remit stamps.

— Parties wishing to obtain the numbers of "The Home" containing all the story, "The Wrong Righted; or, the Old Heart and the New," can have them by applying to the publishers, and remitting one dollar for eleven numbers. The story has excited unusual interest, and has served to fully to confirm our opinion of it, as announced in our last December issue, namely: that it would prove the best serial of the year.